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No. 176.

DESERTED.

BY ST. ELMO.

In the soft, pale hush of twilight,
Sately maned the crystal sea,
While the golden-tinted moonlight
Fondly kissed the perfumed lea;
And the gentle zephyrs floated
Out upon the hazy air,
Where the dewdrops, silver-coated,
Smiled upon a maiden fair.

By the sea she sat and listened,
Was it ever thus to be?
On the waves the starlight glistened,
Gorgeous, beautiful and free;
Fireflies danced across the billows,
Hov'ring 'mid the silken hair,
Hanging from the weeping willows,
White as snow-flakes and as fair.

Over all a spell of sadness
Seemed to wreath its dismal chain,
And one heart was free from gladness,
For alas! 'twas filled with pain;
Yes, the charm was to be broken,
For the time was drawing nigh,
And there was to be one token
That would often cause a sigh.

Far across the blue sea water,
With its fierce and angry breath,
Rushed the north wind's angry daughter,
Breathing forth her blasts of death;
And upon the angry ocean
Sped a bark before the gale,
Rushing, with a blinding motion,
Through the midnight stern and pale.

Morn approaches dark and dreary,
O'er the stormy southern sea,
And the sailors, worn and weary,
Calmly wait their destiny;
For the brave old ship is sinking,
And amid the tempest's roar
One bold heart is sadly thinking
Of that maiden on the shore.

Years have passed, and 'neath the willows,
Kneeling by a grass-grown grave,
Near the silver-crested billows,
Was a stranger fair and brave;
Long he knelt there without speaking,
Till at length the starry sea
Heard a sob—'twas not its weeping,
"Marie, I've come back to thee!"



Trapper Tom hung in mid-air over the chasm, clutching wildly at space for support.

Dashing Dick:

OR, TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HYPERCANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"
"BOY MEY," "BROOKSIDE," "THE SCOUT," "DEATH-
NOTCH," "THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A SINGULAR COMPACT.

PRairie View was a small settlement, composed of about a dozen log-cabins and perhaps fifty souls. A score of the latter were strong, able-bodied men, the rest women and children. The settlement had been founded about two years previous to the opening of our story, and although it had been greatly harassed by the Indians under the notorious Red Falcon, and had had a number of its horses and cattle stolen, it had suffered no loss of life but in a single instance.

About a month prior to the transactions we have already narrated, Red Falcon and about twenty of his warriors descended upon the cabin of one Thomas Winslow, who lived about a mile from the main village, and murdered all but one of the family. This one was a girl of eighteen, Pauline Winslow, whom Red Falcon had spared that he might carry her a captive to his lodge. In fact, her capture was the sole object that led the savages there, but, being a brave and fearless girl, she escaped the villain's power and sought safety by flight under cover of night, to Prairie View, where she was re-

ceived into the family of her uncle, Ishmael Haven. Pauline was beautiful, but something besides mere beauty rendered her admired and loved by all whom she came in contact with. She was full of life, vivacious and kind-hearted, always carrying sunshine and joy into the saddest home, and heart—ever welcome by old and young.

No one in the settlement could excel her in the use of the rifle or in feats of horsemanship. Her love of out-door sport and exercise had given the strength of the commonality of men, besides imparting to her cheeks a healthy, rosy bloom; to her eyes a lustrous and joyous light; and to her form, grace and perfect development.

The death of her friends had, however, thrown a cloud of sorrow over her usually joyous heart and bowed her down with grief. In an hour's time the happy, light-hearted maiden had become a sorrowing, weeping orphan. But her courage did not desert her. On the contrary, it became strengthened by an innate desire for vengeance on the depredators of her home and happiness. Her friends did all they could to console her, and though she was the same kind-hearted girl, the soft light of her eyes and the music of her voice were gone—the one had deepened into a fire that found nourishment in a spirit of vengeance, while the other had been silenced in the bitterness of her grief. As time wore on, however, her sorrow grew lighter, and she began to recover some of her past spirit; still she kept that hungry determination locked within her breast—a determination to see that her friends' deaths were avenged.

On the same day that Dashing Dick, the hunter, left Clear Lake, Pauline issued from the door of her uncle's cabin and moved away toward the woods north of the settlement.

She was dressed in a short frock, made of fine buck-skin and ornamented with yellow fringe. In style it resembled that of the dress usually worn by an Indian queen or princess, with the exception of the waist, which was entirely original in style with its wearer. A little scarlet cap, with a white plume, surmounted her head, and from beneath this, clusters of dark ringlets escaped.

She carried a small, highly-finished rifle, with silver mountings, while at her side were suspended a fancy powder-horn and bullet-pouch by means of a scarlet sash passing over her left shoulder. These had all been a gift from one whom rumor said she loved. The name of the donor, as well as of the recipient, was engraved on a silver plate on the stock of the piece, and, as Pauline moved on into the shadows of the wild-woods, her mind absorbed in thought, she came to a sudden stop, dropped her rifle into the hollow of her arm, and, glancing at the plate upon its stock, murmured the name: "Charles Temple."

The name was involuntarily spoken aloud, but Pauline had no idea that there were ears about to hear her words, until a figure pushed from a clump of maples at her side and said:

"Then the young squaw hunter loves him whose name is upon her lips?" Pauline started, not through fear, but embarrassment. She turned and saw an Indian girl standing at her side, her dusky face aglow with some inward emotion. She was not over

eighteen years of age, and her natural beauty was greatly enhanced by the gaudy dress she wore, and the glittering jewels that sparkled in her black, flowing hair. Her features were purely Indian, but full of expression and devoid of that gravity and stoical indifference so characteristic of her race.

Pauline recognized her at once. She had often been at Prairie View, and was known as Oolooah, the Indian Princess.

"Why, Oolooah, you here?" exclaimed Pauline, greatly embarrassed by the girl's sudden appearance and the question she asked.

"Yes," replied the dusky maiden, speaking the Saxon tongue quite fluently; "does not Oolooah come often to see her white sister?"

"You used to, Oolooah," replied Pauline, "but since Red Falcon has taken up the hatchet against the pale-faces, I supposed your friendship had turned with the spirit of your party."

Oolooah does not go on the war-path, neither does her white sister, and why should they be enemies?"

"They have no reason to be, Oolooah," replied Pauline; "but I have reason to hate your people, or many of them at least."

"I know my white sister's troubles. Sorrow has fallen on her heart. Red Falcon and his braves slew her friends. Oolooah would have saved them, but the warriors' ponies were fleetlier than Oolooah's feet."

"Then you knew my home was to be attacked?"

"Yes," Red Falcon wanted you for a wife, and, to get you, he planned the destruction of your home and friends in secret; but Oolooah's ears were keen and heard the hiss of the serpent, but she could not save your friends from his sting."

"Oh, what a heartless wretch he is!" said Pauline.

"Oolooah would sink a dagger into Red Falcon's heart, if it would not put the stain of murder upon her hands. Red Falcon is a bad, cruel chief. He is an impostor. He filled the ears of the Sioux with falsehoods. He told them that the Great Spirit had sent him there to preside over the tribe. He did many strange things that led my people to believe his stories, and he was placed chief sachem over the tribe. He holds the place that Oolooah's lover should, by rights, hold to-day. And when Elk Horn, Oolooah's lover, and his young chiefs conspired against the impostor, Red Falcon, a traitor betrayed them. Death would have been the penalty, but Elk Horn and his chiefs exiled themselves from the tribe. Some day Red Falcon will fall, then will Elk Horn become chief of the Sioux, and friend of the whites."

"Oh! I pray that day will soon come, Oolooah."

"It may come soon. The white hunter, called Trapper Tom, who lives at the haunted lake, is upon Red Falcon's trail with his spirits of vengeance that dwell with him in the Castle."

Pauline smiled at the maiden's remarks and her belief in the superstitious, yet popular tradition of Clear Lake being the abode of spirits.

"Then, if you are my friend, Oolooah," Pauline at length said, "perhaps you can tell me something of Red Falcon's future intentions, can you not?"

"Oolooah's white sister guesses well. I am here with news intended only for the ears of the white maiden. Let her follow me into yon thicket and listen."

Oolooah turned and entered a clump of bushes, closely followed by Pauline.

Here for several minutes they remained in a low conversation. When they again emerged from the thicket, Oolooah's face wore a faint smile of triumph, while Pauline's was pale, and her eyes burned with the fire of some deep, inward emotion.

They conversed a few minutes longer, then parted. Oolooah went away northward, while her heroine moved on through the woods in a westerly direction, her mind absorbed in deep reflection.

The chatter of a squirrel in a tree-top overhead suddenly aroused her from her reverie, and glancing up through the foliage, she saw the little animal perched upon a bough. It presented a splendid mark, and raising her rifle, the maiden rested the barrel against a small tree, and taking a steady aim, pressed the trigger. There was a sharp report, a puff of white smoke, and the next instant the squirrel came crashing down through the foliage, shot through the head.

Advancing, the young huntress secured her game, and was about reloading her rifle, when a pleasant and familiar voice greeted her ear.

"A capital shot was that, Miss Winslow."

The maiden turned and saw Dashing Dick, the hunter, approaching. She greeted him kindly, but betrayed no unusual emotion nor embarrassment.

Pauline was unmoved by this sudden confession of the young hunter. She had expected it from the first and was prepared to answer him.

"Dick," she said, in her matter-of-fact way, "I can not grant you the boon you ask."

"Then you love another—either your cousin Harry Herbert, or Captain Charley Temple," Dick broke in, in a tone of disparagement.

"I did not say so, Dick," Pauline continued. "I have resolved to marry no one while the assassin of my friends goes unpunished."

"Then you have turned an avenger, Pauline?"

"I will never rest," she replied, a wonderful light shining from the liquid depths of her dark eyes, "I will never be at peace of heart while Red Falcon lives. Yes, if you are so a mind to term it, I am an avenger in spirit, if not in act."

"Pauline," and the young man's voice grew strong with emotion, "intrust this work of vengeance to me. You, a feeble girl, could never carry out your resolutions in the face of the dangers and hardships to which it requires years for us strong and hardy men to become accustomed. Only give me some hopes for the future, Pauline, and the death of your friends shall be avenged."

"I will give you this assurance, Dick—the same that I gave my cousin, Harry Herbert: when you bring me the scalp of Red Falcon, then will I promise to become your wife."

Dick was astonished by this strange proposal. He started, and his face grew pale and red by turns, and a light of hope and joy beamed in his fine, dark-gray eyes. Advancing, he took Pauline's little soft hand in his own hard palm, and in a tone tremulous with inward emotion, he said:

"Pauline, this is indeed a happy moment to me—to receive from your lips this singular promise, the fulfillment of which I shall exert every effort in my power to claim at an early day. Yes, Pauline, Red Falcon's scalp you shall have from my hands, if twenty years—"

"Or," interrupted Pauline, "if Harry Herbert does not get it before you do."

"In that case, you will be lost to me forever?"

"Yes; the promise I made Harry shall be as binding as the one I have made you, and you may think strange of me for it; but I will admit that I can be equally happy as the wife of either you or Harry. Moreover, you may think me depraved and wanting in womanly sensitiveness to ask so bloody a gift as a human scalp, but I desire it as much as an assurance of your avowed love as the satisfying of my spirit that is crying out for vengeance on my friends' destroyers."

"Then you really care nothing for Captain Temple, do you, Pauline?"

"Is it not possible for me to love three, as well as two?" was her evasive reply.

"I admit it is; but you either care nothing for any of us, or love but one. And since you have made no proposition to Captain Temple for Red Falcon's scalp, I am half inclined to believe he stands first in your heart; however, I can submit to fate and your decision, and from this moment the sole object of my labor shall be to secure the scalp of Red Falcon. I feel certain of success, too, for I think I possess advantages over Harry Herbert."

"In what respect?"

"In experience as a borderman. I have never seen Harry, but I have heard that he has only been on the border a short time."

"That's true, Dick; Harry has had but little experience on the border, and is young; and there is one thing I desire to be explicitly understood between you and me, as it shall be understood between me and Harry; and that is, a spirit of jealous rivalry between you and Harry will induce a forfeiture of my promise."

"On my part, your desire shall be gratified. I will do any thing for your love."

"Then let this be a fair understanding between us, Dick."

"It shall be, Pauline," he replied, "and I am almost tempted to promise that, within the next week, I will bring you the scalp of Red Falcon."

"Then good-by, Dick," she said, turning away toward Prairie View; "but," she continued, glancing back over her shoulder with a world of meaning in her words, "be sure that you bring me the right scalp, that of Red Falcon, the Scourge of the Prairie."

CHAPTER IV.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

A WEEK had passed since the strange compact between Dashing Dick and Pauline Winslow. It was night, and the moon hung in a cloudless sky. A light breeze drifting across the plain from out the east bore upon its wings the clatter of horses' hoofs.

A figure, standing on the edge of the plain, caught the sound. The figure was that of our old friend, Trapper Tom. He stood within the shadows of the forest that stretched away to Clear Lake, his rifle resting upon his arm. He bent his head and listened, for amid the pounding of the approaching hoofs far across the plain, he heard fierce, savage yells.

Some one he knew was being pursued by Indians. But who could it be? Not Dashing Dick, nor the young hunter, Harry Herbert. Some of the settlers of Prairie View, he concluded, must have ventured abroad and had run into danger.

The clattering hoofs drew nearer and nearer. There must be a host of them, for he could almost feel the earth tremble beneath the shock. He can now see a number of dark objects skimming across the plain like birds. There is a score of them—they are the approaching horsemen—the pursued and the pursuers.

The old trapper draws further back into the shadows of the trees; then becomes motionless with suspense and uncertainty.

The horsemen come on. They are now within a rod of him—now within arm's reach—now gone, like the wind, into the dense shadows of the woods.

There were two of them—a man and woman. They were the fugitives from the score of mounted Indians that were thundering on in swift pursuit, but a dozen rods behind.

The old trapper got but a mere glimpse at the fugitives; but it was sufficient. It told him who they were—Dashing Dick and Pauline Winslow.

"By the shades of Tophet!" the trapper exclaimed aloud to himself, "it's Dashing Dick and Polly Winslow, and a fearful ride they're havin' o' it. Whew! their horses war white with foam, and their own faces looked like snow. And the way they were goin'! why, if 'twere'n't for this speck of foam from one of the horses' flanks, still quiverin' on my hand, I'd swar they were specters, or else I'd been dreamin'." But let me see; the shades of the forest will now give the fugitives the advantage, and they stand a good chance to escape. In case they do, they may aim for Lake Castle, and with me away they'll not get in, so I'll hoof it for the lake and be ready for whatever turns up. Strange, very strange, indeed, are some things in these diggin's, and stranger o' all is how Dashing Dick and his sweetheart, Polly Winslow, comes to be pursued by a pack o' Red Falcon's minions. I think that's a mistake somewhere, and I hope it'll turn out in favor o' the boy.

Turning, the old trapper glided away through the forest toward the lake.

In the meantime Dashing Dick and his fair companion were galloping on through the woods, with the savages still pressing close behind them.

Early that day Dashing Dick had called at Prairie View, and together he and Pauline had taken a pleasure ride to Lake Castle. In fact, Pauline had volunteered to deliver a message from her uncle to Trapper Tom, regarding some traps, and it was while on the eve of starting on this mission that Dick called at the settlement. He was then on his way to the lake himself, and so he rode on with Pauline.

When they had reached the lake, they found Trapper Tom was absent from the Castle, and in hopes of running across him, they turned eastward and rode away.

Both had become so absorbed in the pleasures of their ride, that they failed to notice the lateness of the hour, until a savage yell smote, like a death-knell upon their ears, and they beheld a score of mounted Indians bearing down upon them with the speed of the wind.

Dashing Dick raised his rifle and fired upon the advancing foe, then turning, the two began their flight.

Pauline, brave and peerless as she was, remained perfectly calm and self-possessed, manifesting no fear whatever.

A long stretch of prairie lay before the fugitives, and over this they were compelled to flee, all the time within plain view of the enemy. There was no chance of eluding them until the fugitives—had reached the timber, miles away.

The day, however, was drawing to a close, and with eager impatience did the fugitives watch the lowering sun, and at length, when he sank to rest behind the distant plain, and twilight came on and deepened into night, they experienced some relief. But this was not long to last, for the moon, already in the heavens, flooded the plain with its radiance.

Their hopes now centered on the forest before them. Once within its shadows, they could elude the foe, and seek shelter and safety from night and foe at Lake Castle.

This was the course suggested by Dashing Dick, as they rode onward, and it was approved by the brave girl at his side.

They conversed but little as they fled onward. Pauline never evinced so much fear as to gaze back at their pursuers. The dashing young borderman at her side, however, glanced over his shoulder, ever and anon, to note the situation. Then Pauline would search his face for some evidence of their increasing or decreasing danger. But his features were immovable. Only that same fearless, daring and silent expression rested upon them, and his voice was clear and unflinching.

"This," he finally remarked, "is a rather unpleasant termination of our pleasure ride, Pauline."

"It is, indeed, Dick," the maiden replied, with unwavering voice; "are those Red Falcon's warriors pursuing us?"

"I presume so," he responded; "at any rate they are Sioux."

"Then it makes no difference whether they belong to Red Falcon's band or not. If we were to fall into their power we would soon be at the mercy of that inhuman monster, Red Falcon. But, rather than fall into their power, I will—"

"Will what, Pauline?" exclaimed Dick, wildly. "Take my own life?"

The eyes of the fugitives met as she announced this desperate resolution. Such a light as beamed in her companion's eyes Pauline had never seen before, and something like a chill crept over her.

"You astonish me, Pauline," he finally said; "remember that I love you, and the blow that takes your life will reach my heart also. No, you must not think of such a desperate act. In fact, were such a thing justifiable, our present danger would not warrant it. The forest is but a few minutes' ride distant, and once within its shadows it will not take long to reach Lake Castle."

"The abode of Trapper Tom and avenging spirits," added Pauline, and a faint smile played about her pretty mouth.

"I will admit Trapper Tom and Lake Castle are a bit of a mystery to me, as well as to Red Falcon and his minions. Having been a guest at the Castle I speak from observation—but thank fortune! here is the timber at last."

The next moment they dashed into the woods, and as they checked their animals slightly, Pauline exclaimed:

"Dick, did you see that man standing on the margin of the thicket where we entered the woods?"

"I did not, Pauline," he replied; "was it an Indian or white man, or could you discriminate between the two in the dark?"

"I took it to be Trapper Tom."

"I hope it was not, Pauline, for if we go to Lake Castle we will not get in unless Tom is there."

concerted signals issuing from the throats of Indians who were evidently trying to telegraph their location to each other.

As if to keep his fears concealed from Pauline, Dashing Dick appeared to take no notice of these ominous noises and rode on in silence. But Pauline had not failed to weigh their import, in her own mind.

At length a small opening, or glade was entered. Dick's animal was now several feet ahead of the maiden's, and when near the center of the opening it suddenly pricked up its ears and sniffed the air as if with alarm, causing its master to bend his head and listen.

He started with a low cry of alarm. There is a rustle in the undergrowth around. A low exclamation escaped his lips, and the sound reaching the ears of his companions, they ceased lowering him to ascertain the cause of his alarm.

The savages raised his eyes and glanced toward the dark facade of the cliff. Then another cry—a cry of terror—escaped his lips, for he discovered two dull, scintillating orbs of fire fixed upon him, and back of these he could define a dark, shaggy mass of something which his savage instinct told was a panther crouched upon a projecting ledge of rock.

Had the savage remained perfectly quiet—as he doubtless would have done had he had control of his own movements—and faced the beast, he might have averted it with a fearless gaze; but the warriors above had no sooner discovered by his actions, that he was in danger, than they began to draw him up. The first movement of his body was succeeded by a low growl, then a dark figure shot out from the side of the cliff and fastened upon the Sioux.

A shriek of terror and a fierce scream rung through the chasm as the slender cord snapped in two under this additional weight, and savage and panther went whirling upon the jagged rocks below with a dull thud and groan.

In their wild descent the feet of the savage struck the form of Trapper Tom and set it to oscillating to and fro across the chasm. The old trapper made frantic efforts to reach the side of the cliff as he swung almost within reach of it. He could touch it, but his strength was too near gone to maintain a hold upon the sharp points, but, as he swung in toward the west cliff the second time he suddenly felt himself seized by unknown hands and his return across the chasm prevented.

Was it a friend that had seized him? The thought had scarcely occurred to him, when a low voice whispered:

"Grasp the vines, old Tom, and hold on for dear life, till I get your heels below your head—there, steady!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 175.)

Stealing a Heart:
OR,
THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCOTCH," "PEARL OF PARADISE," "HERCULES," "THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "PLAKING TALL-IRMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE VICTIM OF FATE.

MANY months have passed—a period marked by strange doings in the land, north and west.

At the tavern of the "Lion" a number of men were congregated, standing about in small groups, conversing excitedly, yet in low tones.

Throughout the Southern States there prevailed a frenzy without a name—cities, towns and villages were turbulent with the spirit of a sudden discord; and over the country arose the startling mutterings of secession.

We bring the reader to the epoch of the late civil war. But we have naught to do with its political detail or aspect.

In the special vicinity with which we have been dealing, the "Lion" became the head-center of arguing people and incendiary discourse; and the assemblers round the bar and on the porch were doubly warmed by liquor and discussion.

Near the patriarchal oak, at one end of the house—the favorite nook of the host—sat Simon Manning, with bowed head and a dreamily vacant look in his age-dimmed eyes.

A shadow had closed in on the old man's life; and, to an observer, the unsteady form, the face, with its outline of sorrow, the snowy hair that waved about his shoulders, these presented a picture to awaken a quick sympathy.

It had been a hard blow, indeed, to Simon, when he heard the terrible charge preferred against his adopted son. He doted on the boy—he would not believe him guilty; and more than once had tears of grief streamed from his weary eyes during the lapse of time since the close of our last chapter.

He took no part in the noisy element surrounding him; he only sat there—as he had been wont of late—idly thoughtful, yet with a sad yearning to see again the once merry youth who had grown up as his child. He felt lonely and tired; and oftentimes, as he murmured beneath what was, to him, a sore affliction, he wished himself at rest in the grave, away from the tumults of the earth and its vexatious trials.

William Manning had not been seen nor heard of since the night of the shooting affair in the grove at Myrtleworth.

The fat proprietor of the "Lion" had employed assistance at his bar in consequence of the rush and demand. That worthy presently came out upon the porch.

"Hello, Si! Still dreamin' 'bout that boy?" The speaker's voice was rather rough; he had been drinking. Simon glanced up sharply at him.

"Yes," he said, slowly, nodding his head, as his eyes again wandered over the road.

"What's the use, Si?"

"How can I help it? You don't know how I loved him. I am praying to see him once more before I die."

"He daren't come round here no more."

"But, he's innocent—"

"Don't you believe it. Where's he been at all now? Don't you s'pose we'd give him a opportunity to clear up the charge?"

"Much chance he'd have among you!" with a tremor.

"Why, we ain't bears, Si. If he can only prove himself a 'bused man—"

"As it is, you know he can not do that. Who is his friend to-day—you?"

"Just as good a one as he's got—"

"Which is not saying much."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, he hadn't oughter done it, now."

"I remember when you were glad to have William's friendship."

"That's so—"

"There never was a boy around here as good as he."

"That's so, Si—"

"And, because some one has charged him with a dark deed, those who were once his friends now turn upon him to kill him. It comes of jealousy. You never were his true friend, or you would not think so of him."

"Can't help it, Si; when a man commits murder—string 'im up. An' we'll catch him yet. Mind."

"What proof have you?—what proof? All false, I say; false as your own heart toward him. And as you have judged him, so will you be judged in time."

The fat personage made no answer. He moved away, mumbling something incoherent. During the conversation a party, who appeared to be considerably under the influence of liquor, was leaning rustically against a near post. He seemed solely engrossed with the effort to retain his perpendicular, and oblivious to all things save his top-heavy condition. But, when the dialogue terminated, this individual reeled away with a drunken stagger, going up the road.

A short distance from the tavern he turned into the adjacent forest, and plunged along through its shaded recesses.

As he went, his gait became steadier, his step swifter. Presently he halted and gazed back over the path he had come.

He tore away the false gray beard that was upon his face; and, as he stood, pale, motionless, thoughtful, there was wet in the familiar brown eyes.

It was William Manning.

Since the night on which he fled from the scene of Gowan's death, he had haunted the woods, like an animal beset—pursued, hunted, a human quarry for those who now hated as they had once esteemed him.

His sleeping-place was a burrow, which he had discovered among the hills; his food was what his rifle brought down when not in dangerous proximity to those who searched for him.

In the daytime he climbed into the branches of some high tree, and watched his unflinching pursuers beneath; at night he could hear the bay of a bloodhound, which these thirsty enemies were trying to set on his track.

Why did he not fly?—go far from the locality, and seek safety among strangers? He had asked himself the question; but something held him there—a vague hope, perhaps, that he might establish his innocence; and trusting to Providence to relieve him of the incubus spotting his existence, nerred and strengthened his heart under the frowning ordeal.

On this visit in disguise to the "Lion" he learned sufficient to convince him that he was still in danger. And, at last, worn dreary, despairing of hope, he resolved to quit the vicinity forever.

For some moments he stood there, in the lone silence of the woods, overwhelmed with burning thoughts. But, then, his eyes brightened—became stern; he stooped and drew his trusty rifle from a hollow log at his feet.

"Good-by, old home—and sunny, sunny South," he uttered, clenching his teeth to stay the tremor of his tone, "I may never come back again, but, if I do, it will be to show these false curs of friends how rankly I am abused, and how unjustly I am despised."

Throwing his rifle across his shoulder, he stalked on with a firm tread, dashing away the glistening tears of regret which all his manhood could not smother.

Ere sunset he was miles and miles away, making for the north.

Night had drawn upon the earth. The hours were advancing.

Strange sights and sounds were prevalent throughout the State.

Figures tramped the narrow wood-paths with the stealth of specters, gliding from house to house; and in the intervals of space, lanterns were flashing their red glowing glimmer, moving from point to point.

Here and there, in the forest, upon the fields, these mystical lights were to be seen; and from out the depths of the darkness came a low muttering.

Some great excitement was progressing, yet the ominous tones were of a guarded murmur.

The very air grew pregnant with an awful significance; the stillness of the gloom was but a calm preceding some dread outbreak.

And there were—even in the circle of these ghostly doings—who wondered what meant the tread of tip-toeing shades amid the murk, and why the presence of those will-o'-the-wisps, darting, gliding, waving in this direction and that, like signals of import or enigma beacons.

But when morning dawned the mystery was no longer a mystery—that memorable Seventeenth of April!

Long before midday they who had wondered on the night previous, joined the half-smothered shout that rose in the throats of thousands; and the murmur grew louder and louder, till at last came the words:

"Virginia has seceded!"

The fact of the passage of the ordinance of secession was to be held secret; but, quick as the kindle of chips among the sparks, and quicker than the intelligence of the mail, it flashed broadcast.

The seeds of revolution, for so long sown and growing while the State professed to maintain its place in the Union, now took decided root, under the last essential impetus, and shot forth the first apparent fruits of discord from the beligerent tree.

The scene is one of awe and magnificence, to which the pen can not adequately call attention; the sight of a vast army in motion.

Divisions were advancing from Arlington Heights, Long Bridge, Alexandria—forward toward Manassas; Tyler on the right, Heintzelman on the left, Hunter in the center; Fairfax Court-house at the common front.

Masses of men pouring onward like living streams; glittering swords and bayonets flashing and scintillating in the sunbeams, darting reflections from their deadly points and edges—a prickly bosom of steel that swayed and varied far along the avenue of vision.

Over obstructions of every conceivable kind; crushing down, by arm and tramp, the never-ending obstacles prepared by an ingenious enemy; platoon after platoon, like the unnumbered waves of the ocean; seas of faces, and suits of blue; and here and there a fluttering ensign, or the gray colors of the stars and stripes.

The scene changes.

Forward to Centerville!

Thousands of hearts were pulsing fast; throbs of fear, beats of courage, the strangely stern fires of valor that nerve brave men and even stimulate the coward.

Fearlessness and dread combined; pale faces, but stout breasts and muscles rigid as iron; souls prepared for death, and the prayers of heroes whispered lowly in the bristling ranks.

Still on. Tramp! Tramp! the muffled footsteps of the marchers; the dull rumble of artillery, with snorting horses and statue-like riders; sabred cavaliers in prancing companies; the hoarse orders of commanders, and words of inspiration passed from man to man.

The scene changes.

On to Bull Run!

Already the precursors of battle were awakened. Heavy guns were rousing the explosive echoes of their tone; batteries were opening from the right of the mountain stream.

Missiles of death were shrieking through the air; the first wails of agony pierced the ears of near friends and companions.

But, on! No falter—not the weakest soldier flinching in the ghastly prospect—driving in the merciless batteries on the Confederate reserves that lay close behind.

Gallantly, intrepidly forward, despite the raining fire from invisible foes; and although balled hail was mowing down the weary, worn, yet courageous army, there was no waver—only the dark scowl of determined warriors, and the loud ring of the battle cry!

The scene changes.

A red tableau that the fiercest poet can not picture—a vortex defying the brush of an artist!

The dreadful carnage on the field of conflict! The roar of musketry and mad shouts; the belching of cannon, and the screaming, hurtling showers of ball and slug. Lines and lines of shining gun-barrels, the flashing and crackling of a myriad rifles, with stricken men falling like leaves in autumn before the horrible blast.

Round and round the field of miles whirled and surged the well-drilled soldiery, choking in the smoke, grimed by the burning powder, going down, in martyrdom, before the incessant pour of shot and shell.

Horses, riderless and bleeding, tearing wildly about; forms cold and stiff, and dead to the hellish din, lying on the trampled ground—a sward crimsoned and gory in the lavish tide—a fair soil dyed in the precious blood of the Nation's sons.

From tree and bush, from burrow, mask and fastness came the deluge of destruction; from covert, knoll and embankment flamed forth the thunderous cannon.

Down the chasm belowered the terrible voices of Ayers' and Carlisle's batteries—answered and echoed by others fierce and active, from Union Mills Ford to the Stone Bridge.

The shrill notes of the bugle! Through the volumes of smoke, over the level of gore, charged the cavalry—a rolling, irresistible tide, stemming the current of lead—sweeping like an avalanche into the densest of the strife!

Then the wailing whistle of the fife! The tread roll of the drums!—noises, shrieks, maelstroms, havoocs, all in one, rising upward on the transgressed holiness of that cloudless Sabbath.

In the hot blaze of noon the fight waged at its height of fury. Men were demons. Brothers knew not brothers, nor the father his son. Faces grew black with dirt and frowns; teeth were locked like vices, and half-mad humans fought with panting breaths and hearts at a stand-still. The killed and maimed lay scattered as they fell; the soul might well shudder at the horrid devastation of the day.

Three o'clock.

On the Confederate side, the cry for Johnston rung from post to post. Among the forces of the Union, prayers for the success of Pater-

son's proposed interception of the expected Blucher, were murmured by hopeful thousands.

But, Johnston came!—fresh, eager, and in numbers, he threw himself, like the hawk upon its prey, into the battle's whirlpool.

The valor of brave men sunk the wasted and disheartened army. Back from the dear-bought field, back from the rivers of blood, yielding slowly, inch by inch, the ground that had been gained across the corpse of many a loved associate.

The bugle changed its call to sound the retreat; and the drums, with an expiring strength, beat the tenor of a panic.

The day was lost to the men of the North.

The scene changes.

Retreating toward Centerville!

History has laid before us the awful grandeur and curdling panorama of that routed army, fleeing in the symbolized discord of defeat and fear.

Men, horses, wagons, disorganized artillery—a panic-stricken host—all confused, jumbled, interwoven in nameless compactness; where none paused to aid a sufferer, and lives were sacrificed in the frantic struggle of a reckless flight.

A tumultuous flow of human beings—they who had fought, day long, through the heat and terrors of the conflict—surging, frenzied, uncontrollable, back, back to Centerville!

Among the mass of soldiery and debris was one with whom we have to do. Around his forehead was tightly wrapped a handkerchief stained and wet with the liquid of his veins.

He was flying with the rest; but the expression of his face was more of regret than fear.

It was William Manning—clothed in blue and epaulets, bathed in his own blood, which gushed from a wound on his brow.

As he passed, a tree that grew near the remnants of a fence, a voice rose above the worse-than-Bedlam-like dinning, calling to him to stop.

"William Manning! William Manning!" cried the voice.

He halted, unable to distinguish the direction of the sound.

"William Manning! Here—by this tree! Come to me! In the name of Heaven, do not pass me!"

Then he saw a form lying, with shoulders elevated, at the foot of the tree by the road.

In a moment, he was kneeling beside the one who had shouted to him.

"Hendrick Weston!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is I. Oh, Heaven!—I am dying!"

"No, no; not yet. You are badly wounded; but you may live. Drink this."

Weston gulped down a deep draught from the proffered canteen; then his eyes rolled upward in a glassy stare to the young man who bent over him.

"There—you are better now. Can't you walk? Try. Get up. I'll aid you."

"No. I tell you I am dying. Look at my neck—nay, don't try to stand up; the wound; it is useless. I am going. There is no chance. I did not expect to meet you here. But, I have been searching for you ever since—ever since that night when Gowan was killed. I—"

"Ha!—go on, Hendrick Weston." Manning leaned over.

The speaker's voice was failing rapidly.

"I have something to tell you," he continued, quickly, and with an effort; "our meeting is providential. I have hunted in vain for you, to say that—that—oh! my strength! my strength! it is going."

"Drink!" urged Manning, placing the canteen again to his lips.

"In my pocket," Weston gasped, "you will find some papers. Take them. They will benefit you. I have wronged you deeply—"

"Wronged me?"

"Yes"—a faint, painful whisper, "I have wrong—wrong—the sentence was unfinished; a shiver convulsed the frame of the dying man; his soul went out on its long journey through the skies.

Hendrick Weston did not live to carry out his threat of vengeance on Coral Si. Sylvan, nor to obtain the satisfaction he sought on account of the treachery of Henry Yost. Gently lowering the dead man's head from his lap, Manning extracted the papers referred to from his pocket. Not divining what they could contain, nor with time to peruse them at the moment, he secured

them about his person, and was about to plunge again into the stream of the flying regiments. As he arose, a hand gripped his collar, and some one shouted, in a wild, triumphant accent:

"At last, you cur! At last I've found you!" He wheeled—to be confronted by the face of Henry Yost! The gambler held a revolver leveled at his head, and hissed, fiercely:

"William Manning—cowardly assassin! your time has come!"

"Hands off, you scoundrel!"

"No. You die here! You killed Jasper Gowan, who was the best friend I had in the world—you shot him as only a murderer would. I swore to hunt you down to your death—and you perish with the rest at Bull Run!"

Quick as the coil of a snake, Manning grasped with him. A savage struggle ensued. Then came the flash of the revolver in the gambler's hand, and the young man staggered backward, groping blindly.

In the same moment another figure appeared upon the scene—a little form that sped forward like an arrow, and struck Yost a blow which felled him to the earth. Manning lay prostrate on his face; the gambler sunk insensible under the ax-like stroke of the avenger.

Then the new-comer knelt by the young man, and raised him tenderly.

"William Manning, wake up!" he almost hissed. "You must not die! Do you hear me? We have both too much to live for. Rise, I say!"

Slowly Manning opened his eyes. He gazed upon a familiar face—features brown and handsome, where brilliant eyes glauced down with a hopeful eagerness.

"Do you know me?"

"Yes. You are Max, the mad boy."

"Not mad, William Manning!—not the Max you once met at the cabin of Bec. Foulard! Listen to me. I have a strange tale to tell you. I am your half-brother. I am Mark St. Sylvain!"

Far off to the north-west of the defeated army, a glimmering light shone in the sky. There was a large fire in the distance, as if it were a burning building—the glare of which reflected along the line of railroad from Fairfax, and nearly to Alexandria.

Gradually the luminous sheen grew more brilliant, till the heavens glowed in a weird, wavering day of crimson.

Myrtleworth was in flames!

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ALTERED LIFE.

THE city of Washington, in the year 1865. It was a disagreeable day in the early part of the first season, when the warmth of overcoats was still comfortable, and the less hardy were still muffled. Though the sun shone brightly, there was little heat in its rays; and people walked fast to keep up an active circulation.

This hour was nearly 4 p. m. Clerks and employees were already coming from the various departments.

Moving swiftly along the pavement before the Treasury Building was the figure of a female, plainly clad, and with a thick green veil drawn tightly about her face—a "Treasury Girl," one of those busy bees who have suffered the cruellest derisions of modern aristocracy, and the vilifications of caustic-lipped sneerers.

As a class, these weary, yet praise-deserving toilers, have struggled under heartless abuses and sharp stings of enmity at the hands of self-constituted judges, till it would seem that society (that bubble-hollow source of phenomenal edicts) had selected them as special objects of hate, and sought to curse them by rank stories and vile hints; aiming barbs of reflection, as unholy as unjust, from tapestried saloon or temple of feast. But the wiser, truer perception has discovered in these same "Treasury Girls"—not alone the fairest, purest buds that ever burst in beauty, but minds of cultivation; intellectual capabilities that many a butterfly-belle might envy; accomplishments that are the fruits of modest diligence, rather than glitzy training; impulses to shame the tilted carriages of gloved nabobs; and brows of snow, fitted for the crown-diamonds of royalty.

The young girl of whom we speak had just come out of the building, and was hastening like others homeward.

On the opposite side at the corner of F street a man was standing. The moment he saw her his eyes riveted upon her and watched after her intently.

"It must be she," he muttered. "I am sure. For a whole week now I have waited here, at the same hour every day, to catch a glimpse of her. I can not be mistaken; I could swear to that form."

Acting upon a sudden resolution, he followed her.

She crossed, and continued on New York Avenue. As she neared Fourteenth street a hand touched her arm, and a voice said:

"I beg your pardon; but—"

She halted, and recoiled with a little cry. It was Myrtle.

"Miss St. Sylvain! Ah! I was certain of it."

"Mr. Yost!—you here?"

"Did I frighten you?"

"—Yes. I hardly expected to see you."

"And I'm sure, the surprise is mutual. But, we are old friends. Shall I have the pleasure of escorting you home?"

"Oh, certainly. I have not very far to go."

"And—?" she added, loudly. "I do not live as comfortably as I once did, Mr. Yost."

"How have you been, since I saw you last?" he asked, as they moved on. "Quite a while, when I came to reckon it."

"As well as I could hope for," was the low reply.

Then a silence ensued. Yost was puzzling himself with trying to imagine what it could mean—why Myrtle St. Sylvain was in Washington, and why she was an employee in the Treasury. This was the first time he had seen her, since the afternoon of their brief conversation in the grove, at Myrtleworth.

And Myrtle's mind, at the moment, was filled with thoughts of what Hendrick Wayne had said to her—the warning she had received against the handsome, fashionably dressed young man who walked by her side. She wondered, too, upon the strangeness of his finding her, as for reasons of her own, she had endeavored to conceal her true identity from every one, and was filling her position in the department under a fictitious name.

Neither noticed the silent mood of the other, for each was engrossed absently.

Myrtle did not live very far from there. Presently, she paused before an unpretending residence.

"Here is my home, Mr. Yost. Will you walk in?"

"If I will not intrude? It has been so long since we met, you know."

She led the way into a small, plainly furnished parlor, where a cherry fire burned beneath the mantelpiece. There was very little furniture—rather a bare look about the room; but there pervaded an air of sweetness and sanctity that was, in itself, contentment.

When she had removed her cape, hat and veil, Yost's veins warmed at sight of the lovely face; he experienced all the passion that took

possession of him when he first knew her, at the old Virginia home.

"By Jove!" he thought, "more beautiful than ever!"

"How did you happen to find me, Mr. Yost?" she inquired, seating herself near him.

"Why, about a week ago, I was passing the Treasury, and I saw you come out. I was only half-assured of its being you, though; so, every day since, at 4 p. m., I have watched for you. I feel decidedly happy in what I have discovered."

"I suppose, then, you have observed that I am a 'Treasury girl'?"

"I concluded you must be engaged in the department—yes."

Myrtle drew her chair closer to the fire, to warm her feet, and her deep blue eyes bent dreamily on the glowing coals.

"I am living in a strange manner, I guess you think, Mr. Yost," she said, after a pause, during which he gazed burningly upon her. "I am one of the busy workers, now."

"Do you live alone here?"

"Oh, no; I have two very dear companions. We three combine our small salaries, and manage to live with some comforts and no luxuries. I do not think I have much to complain of. I have found some honest friends, and I need not sigh for trifling wants."

"But, Miss St. Sylvain—really—now, it may be impertinent; what could have induced you to leave Myrtleworth so suddenly? It was almost like running away."

She started at the question, and the beautiful face grew pale; the roses that had been summoned to her cheeks, by coming from the cold air into the warm room, vanished strangely.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

Miss Kizzy's Boarder.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"GOOD-MORNING, madam!" Miss Kizzy started and nearly dropped the pan of peas from her lap, as the frank, manly tones struck her ear. She looked up hastily and saw a tall young fellow leaning over her cottage gate.

"Good-morning, sir," said Miss Kizzy, putting on the winning smile she always meant to bestow upon young gentlemen.

"You have a lovely place here," remarked the stranger.

"Very charming place," assented Miss Kizzy.

"Are you the lady of the house?" asked the stranger.

"I have that honor," said Miss Kizzy, pompously.

"Then how would you like to take a boarder a few weeks this summer?"

Miss Kizzy scented both pleasure and profit at once, but it was not best to be too willing. So she parleyed a little.

"Well, really, I don't know, sir. We are rather exclusive—don't make a practice of taking every one in."

"Oh, of course. Just the sort of family I should like to stay with," said the young man, who fancied the pretty place, and saw at once whom he had to deal with. "I can give the best references," he added.

"Of course we should require that. Or I should, rather, for no one lives with me but my niece, Bessie, a mere child, too young to judge grave affairs. Suppose you walk in, sir, where we can converse more at our ease?"

The man entered the little gate, and took the chair Miss Kizzy offered him, on the vine-wreathed porch.

"I come from New York," said he, at once. "I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted."

"Exactly," said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip. "I have a room which I think will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please."

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat cottage, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen artist eye longed to see again.

The cool, airy chamber into which Miss Kizzy ushered him, was delightfully inviting, and the young artist soon made liberal terms for it, giving his name as Paul Carlton, and making arrangements to take possession at once.

He glanced around as they passed downstairs, but the sweet young face was not visible anywhere, and he had to content himself with a hope of seeing it at dinner.

His hopes were realized, for as they gathered around the neat, dainty table, the light figure in a lilac calico flitted in, and Miss Kizzy, with a condescending air, introduced her niece, Miss Bessie Crofton.

The young girl gave one glance upward, and Paul's eyes met a pair as blue and humid as wood violets when the dew is on them, and a faint rose-tint stained the fair cheek, as she returned his salutation.

He judged she must be about eighteen, but Miss Kizzy evidently regarded her as very youthful indeed, addressed her as "child," and did not ask her opinion on anything.

Paul took his cue readily; he talked to Miss Kizzy, and made himself very entertaining, but he looked at Bessie Crofton, and after dinner spent an hour sketching faces with soft blonde hair and eyes like wood violets.

After supper Miss Kizzy graciously informed him that they generally spent their evenings on the pleasant porch, and invited him to join their circle. He complied willingly, asking if he might be allowed to smoke a cigar, and receiving permission, Miss Kizzy declaring, "She was different from most young ladies, and really loved the perfume of a good cigar."

"So do I," said Paul, smiling, because he could not help it, and mentally wondering if Miss Kizzy would ever see forty again.

Pretty Bessie brought up a piece of work in her hands, and sat down to employ the few remaining minutes of daylight. Paul noticed that the small, snappy hands were not so white as they might have been, which, considering their intimate acquaintance with the kitchen, was not at all wonderful.

As the twilight deepened, Miss Kizzy brought out an ancient guitar, very rusty as to its lower strings, and very much out of tune as to its higher, and sung several songs in a voice as cracked as the guitar. Paul stood it patiently as long as he could, but when she got through "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," looking sentimentally at Paul all the time, he said, gently:

"The evening air is so damp, Miss Kizzy, I'm afraid you will injure your throat, if you sing longer. Perhaps Miss Bessie will favor us?"

"I do not sing," answered Bessie, sweetly.

"I am sure you could if you tried," said Paul. "Bessie has never received any instruction in music yet," explained Miss Kizzy. "When she gets a little older I intend to teach her."

"Heaven forbid!" thought Paul. And lest Miss Kizzy should sing again, he begged to be excused, saying he felt like enjoying a moonlight stroll.

"Oh, yes, a moonlight stroll is most delightful of all things," said Miss Kizzy. "I enjoy them so much."

But Paul didn't take the little hint she dropped, so he went into her chamber, and went to rest, elated with dreams which would have struck Paul dumb with amazement and helplessness with amusement if he had been the wisest of them.

The place was really a lovely one, and Paul enjoyed his sketching as only an enthusiast can enjoy any work. Miss Kizzy, if she did have some little weaknesses, was a good housekeeper and set a dainty table. He found himself very comfortable.

He wished for but one thing more, that was a little larger share of pretty Bessie's society. Her sweet face and blue eyes haunted Paul constantly, but he seldom saw her, except at the table, or a fleeting glance as she tripped about the house intent on household duties.

But one lucky afternoon he was wandering in the woodland, in search of a picturesque elm tree, when he suddenly came upon the very tree, and upon something else besides—for at its mossy feet sat Bessie Crofton, reading a volume of "Gail Hamilton."

She rose, blushing, as he came near, and would have hastened away at once, but Paul begged her to stay.

"I have longed so much to make a sketch of you," he said, "please give me the privilege now."

"I'm afraid aunt Kizzy won't like it," said Bessie.

"We won't tell aunt Kizzy anything about it," said Mr. Paul, arranging his materials. "Please sit just as you are a little while."

As he sketched they talked, and Paul found Bessie by no means ignorant or uninformed.

The afternoon passed so quickly the sun began to set before they were aware how low it was, and Bessie flew swiftly homeward "to help aunt Kizzy get supper."

Paul, held by some secret intuition from accompanying her, lingered longer, and at last reached home by another route. But he had made Bessie promise to come again the next day, and let him finish the sketch.

Bessie came; nor was that the last evening they spent in the shades of the green woodland—but aunt Kizzy sung songs to her cracked guitar and never guessed at it.

Paul painted a copy of his sketch, but he kept it securely hidden behind a curtain in his own room. The few weeks of his stay had lengthened into more than two months, when, one afternoon, aunt Kizzy went out to pay a visit, and left Bessie at home. She had not been gone half an hour when Paul came in, and, finding Bessie alone, asked her to go upstairs and look at his picture.

With some hesitation she complied, and Paul withdrew the curtain that she might see her image.

"Oh, I was never half so beautiful!" she cried, smiling and blushing.

"You are much more beautiful," said Paul, with an earnest gaze at her.

"Hush, you must not talk so to me. I am not used to flattery," said Bessie.

"The honest praise of those who love us is not flattery, dear Bessie," said Mr. Paul, gravely. And, as she cast a half-startled glance up into his face, he laid one hand on her arm, and added:

"Yes, dear Bessie—why should I not say it? I have a right, darling, for I love you. Can you return it, Bessie?"

Well, I could not hear Bessie's answer, but Paul did, for the next moment he drew the shrinking, yet yielding, little figure to his heart, and—

But there, I don't think I need tell any more. Aunt Kizzy was amazed when she came home that night. But it would not do to show her own disappointment, and, as Bessie told her they meant to take her to New York to live with them, I think she felt pretty well reconciled.

New York was better than Elm-glen, even if one didn't have a husband. And I'm sure Miss Kizzy did not regret taking her summer boarder.

Jamie's Wife.

BY DARD BEST.

I was terribly cross that night. Every thing had gone wrong all day, and I had so much to do in the way of cake-baking, and seeing to a thousand things besides. We were to give a grand supper on this thirtieth anniversary of our wedding day.

"Deary me!" I thought, peering into the oven to see how the turkeys were getting on. "I can't believe it has been thirty years since Tom and I stood up before Preacher Higgins to get married—it really doesn't seem that long, but Preacher Higgins has been dead and gone these twenty years, Tom's hair is as white as the flour at the mill, and I— Well, I don't feel so very old yet, and wouldn't realize the change so much if I hadn't Jamie, here, with me."

And I glanced at our only child—a man now in years, but to me always a child; for he had never grown in stature since ten long years ago, when they brought him in, mangled and bleeding, his feet crippled for life, caused by a fall from a beam in the mill. I thought it would kill me at first to see my own darling tramping around on crutches, but somehow I got used to it—so used to it, indeed, that when Jamie asked me that anniversary morning if I would take Dora for my daughter, I flared up at him, and answered him more sharply and bitterly than I should have thought possible for me to answer my idolized boy.

What right had he to leave me for Dora? Not that I disliked the girl, though she was a strange sort of body—living first at one house, and then at another. Our neighbors were all working people, and managed to get along without hired help, except field-hands or some such man-labor; it was only at house-cleaning times that Dora was needed steadily, or when sewing was going to be done, at marriages or funerals. It was a hap-hazard way of getting one's bread, but Dora was always busy; for she was as handy at boy's work as any lad in the village, and had the advantage of being more intelligent.

If I had pondered over the matter a little more, I would soon have seen, no doubt, that Dora would be just the wife for my son; she was energetic, robust, strong, and smart; while he was the crippled son of a hard-working miller, who could leave him no moneys or estate when he died; and me, his mother, who could only leave him to the mercy of the world when my life was ended.

But I stole my jealous heart against his pleadings, giving him short, angry replies, until he could stand it no longer, and hobbled away on his crutches, slowly and tremblingly, toward the mill.

My heart cried out for him; but I stifled its reproaches, and gave vent to my ugly feeling by spitefully dashing all manner of kitchen utensils that happened in my way out onto the porch. After the turkeys were tanned brown enough, and the cakes were done, the excitement that had kept me in a flurry all day left me, and I sat down in the disordered kitchen, and had a good, long, hard cry over my poor boy.

Still, I felt as if it was Dora's fault, and tried to hush my accusing conscience by blaming her.

By sundown all was in readiness to receive the expected guests. Dora had come early to help me about the tables, and I had treated her so coldly that her usually bright, sunny look fled from her face and seemed to cast a gloomy cloud over the house.

Tom and Jamie came in late from the mill, for it was being repaired and the master's eye was required incessantly. Jamie stopped on the porch, and before my very eyes—with never a hint that he saw the anger flashing out of them—he drew Dora's face down to his and kissed her.

Then I was mad, and said things that made them tremble at their bitterness and hate. Jamie never answered me, but limped up-stairs to his own little room and stayed there several hours; as for Dora, she disappeared.

By twos and threes the guests began to congregate in my little best room until it was crowded, and they were forced to move on into the other rooms, or scatter about the garden. The young folks chose the latter place, as the big full moon, that seemed too heavy ever to rise above our heads, was floating slowly up over the eastern hills, and every thing was laden with the dewy fragrances of the flowers. The lovers looked so blissful and happy that it made me almost sorry I had driven poor Jamie away from Dora by my fearful tongue-lashing; but my bark was worse than my bite, and it was Jamie's own fault if he hadn't found that out long ago.

For the next hour or so I forgot Jamie; but, when supper-time came, I ran up-stairs to his little room and peeped in. He lay stretched out on the bed by the window in the moonlight, which was as bright as day, showing me plainly his poor dwarfed feet, his mis-shapen limbs, and his grand, wide forehead. He was still dressed, but his even-drawn breath assured me he was sleeping; so I quietly descended the stairs, and invited my merry guests to partake of the supper I had prepared for them. My face I wreathed in smiles, and none knew that the miller's wife did not joy in the gaiety of the hour.

After supper the lovers went out in pairs into the moonlight, the older folks returned to the parlor, and I, being left to myself, ran up-stairs, laden with good things—a peace-offering for my Jamie.

I opened the door. I could never make you understand the horrible loneliness and emptiness that was in that little room—Jamie was not there.

I alone knew of the dangerous somnambulant habits of my son, and now, in heartrending tones, I called to my friends to aid me in my frantic search from garret to cellar, but to no avail.

Suddenly the belle of the village, a miss full of nerves and fancies, came rushing into the house, screaming: "A ghost! A ghost!"

"Where?" I cried, feeling sure it was Jamie she had seen.

"Moving, in short, slow steps, along the scaffolding of the mill!"

"Oh, my God, save him!" and I rushed out to the mill, followed by a crowd of awe-stricken men and women.

Yes, there he was, high up on the outside scaffolding of the mill, walking, with closed eyes, along the moonlit plank. My very life-blood seemed clogged about my heart; I could not stir nor beseech the men to go after him. On he came toward a place that was laid far out over the deep, fast-flowing race, the noise of his crutches ringing out in the awful silence, as every step brought him nearer to death.

Tramp—tramp—he was almost to the end now; yet we dared not move lest we should wake him and make death a certainty. Nearer—nearer—every wrong I had done him, every sharp word I had unwittingly given him came like an accusing devil, torturing me to agony, as I stood there watching him draw slowly toward the end of the scaffolding.

One more step will bring him to his death—oh, my darling, my darling! I clutched Tom's sleeve—Tom who stood there, numb and almost paralyzed. Suddenly over the roof, with catlike steps, crept the lithesome figure of a woman, who came to the edge, swung herself down to the scaffolding, and was close upon him as he stood upon the verge of eternity. With wonderful presence of mind she wrapped her strong right arm firmly around a projecting beam, then quickly seized him with the other. He opened his eyes and looked about him without seeming to comprehend his situation, until, looking down, he saw far below him the black line of the swift-moving race.

With a cry he reeled like a drunken man, while his crutches fell from his uplifted hands, his poor crippled limbs tottered beneath the unaccustomed weight of his body, and the woman and he fell down—down—into the deep water. Then I fainted.

When I opened my eyes again, the men were carrying Jamie and Dora, dripping and water-soaked, but living still, thank God, into the house. I fell on my knees before them as they lay glistening with water-drops on the little horse-hair sofas, and kissed the dear ones who were saved for me, and cried like a baby for their forgiveness.

Dora drew my face to her and whispered ed, softly, in my ear: "Our mother!" and then I knew I was the happiest old woman on this fair earth. By and by her pretty color all came back, and she slipped away from us to change her drenched clothes for dry ones.

And Jamie? When he was warm and dry he lay upon the sofa, his face lit up with a smile that glorified the little room; it spoke voicelessly of his blissful happiness, and the eyes were brimful of tender love and thankfulness.

Thus ended our thirtieth anniversary; and, when the next one came, my daughter, Dora, was the sweetest, most sensible little bride that ever gained a mother's love by her unselfish heroism.

Gay Walters' Masquerading.

BY EVE LAWLESS.

THE Craigs—mother and daughter—set themselves somewhat above their neighbors—for what reason was always a mystery, and how it came about that they advertised to take a gentleman boarder for the summer, passed more than one gossip's comprehension. But the affair was simple enough. Miss Araminta Craig had been in the matrimonial market for many years. Her charms were not appreciated by those who had wealth to boast of, and she was too proud to accept as a suitor any young man of the village class.

She thought, by taking a gentleman boarder from the city, there might be a prospect of changing her title of Miss into Mrs.

And there had come an answer to the advertisement, from a gentleman who had tired of city life, and desired to be accommodated in a quiet country home. This was to prove the turning-point in Araminta Craig's life.

Was she to be wife or maid? The city boarder must decide. To the few whom the Craigs condescended to notice they said that they did not take a boarder in expectation of making

any money, nor did they desire to do so, but congenial society was what they wished.

Nellie Miller had been over to the house to help "fix up," and found the Craigs more "toppling" than ever, and so she told her widowed mother when she came home.

Little did the haughty Miss C. care what the meek little Nellie thought. Her attention was all upon herself, and sitting in all the regal splendor of a watered-silk dress—very inappropriate for the season, but the best thing she had—waiting to meet her fate, as she expressed it.

This same "fate" was the handsome Gay Walters—all heroes are handsome—black curly hair, finely chiseled nose, eyes dark as coals, and delicate mustache, just long enough not to hide a set of pearl-white teeth. Everybody liked Gay, though he was fond of his practical jokes, but never meant any harm by them.

Gay had arrived by the morning train, which thundered up to the little station swept by the river's side, and as the cold air swept the curls back from his forehead, he was forced to confess that the sea breeze was delightful.

How tempting the water did look! Tempting enough to wish he was on it. No, he didn't want to fish; he desired to sit at ease and float along just as the current was a mind to take him.

Nellie's mother kept a couple of boats for the use of travelers and visitors, and to her Walters applied for one. Of course he encountered the pretty Nellie, and noticed her sweet expression. How different she seemed from the overdressed ladies he had seen in the city!

Well, he hired the boat and went, on his sail. As he had nothing to do particularly, he thought to himself:

He didn't say, "By Jove, that was a deuced pretty girl," as most young men in stories do, for he detested the nearest approach to swearing. He thought how innocent Nellie looked, and wondered whether the Miss Craig he was to board in the house with, was as charming. He may have thought also that when he married, he would desire just such a wife as Nellie.

And while he was thinking of all these things, he did not notice that his boat was nearing the falls, but the object of his thoughts had done so, for seeing his danger, she had launched her boat, and it was not long ere she had overtaken him. He was brought to consciousness by hearing her exclaim, "Jump for your life!"

The mandate was obeyed; the little boat shot over the falls like a winged arrow, leaving Gay clinging to an overhanging tree, and receiving a thorough drenching.

Nellie soon released him from his perilous situation, and conveyed him home to her house in her boat. Gay felt somewhat sheepish at being found as he was, yet the girl said she was sorry the gentleman had been overcome with the heat—a delicate way of smoothing over the matter, especially as the weather was rather cool.

When they arrived at the home of the Millers, Walters discovered himself to be in quite a dilemma. His clothes were thoroughly soaked through, and his trunk had by some accident been left at the wrong station. Mrs. Miller was kindness itself—told him not to worry, and if he would not take it as an affront, she could loan him one of her son's suits. Nellie suddenly remembered that her brother had gone to the city that day, wearing his best clothes, so there was nothing but a pair of blue overhauls, a coarse coat and vest, which Gay had no hesitation in donning. Of course, a thick pair of cow-hide boots completed his costume.

He didn't think it just the thing to present himself before the Craigs in such a "rig."

"Why not?" said he to himself: "it'll be such a capital joke. I can then find out what sort of people these same Craigs are, and whether it will be a desirable place after all in which to take up my residence. Mrs. Miller seems to imagine that the daughter is husband hunting. Well, if she is she won't catch me. I wish Mr. Miller was willing to receive me as a boarder."

Borrowing a somewhat dilapidated straw hat, the masquerading Walters sauntered forth on his errand. He soon found the house of the Craigs.

The mother was sitting at the window, as straight as a ramrod, while Miss Araminta reclined her hand gracefully over the back of a rocking-chair, in imitation of some fashionable she had seen. They were evidently expecting somebody.

Saturday Journal

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The Man from Texas,

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Our Arm-Chair

Chat.—How to correct the extravagance of our ladies in the matter of dress is a serious problem. We can't do as the ancient lawgivers did, for we are not "heathens," you see. Zaleucus it was who ordained that no woman should go attended by more than one maid in the street, unless she were drunk; and that she should not wear gold-embroidered apparel, unless she designed to act unchastely. This checked the luxurious display of the ladies of his time; but, what would be the result of such a law now? Why, not a torrent of skeletons and dish-cloths for our ladies are rarely armed with such weapons, but a rebellion, a revolution. She is the "biggest toad in the paddie," whose hat cost the most—that is about the substance of our present idea of social "standing," and to deny any lady the right to assert her purse superiority is worse than to compel her to some set of real charity. No; we'll never reach reform in dress extravagance until some considerable number of real sensible women (and we have them by thousands) take the matter in hand themselves. Let a number of women of wealth and influential position come out and declare against loading the person down with expensive dry-goods until a "well-dressed woman" looks like a menagerie procession; let them declare over-dressing and display to be vulgar (as it essentially is) and the reform is initiated. Until something of the kind is done we shall go on importing furbies from Europe until the country is beggared—for that must be the result of our present rate of importations—six hundred millions of dollars per year for dress and millinery goods alone! What nation could long stand such a bill for goods that are, to all intents, luxuries?

School "common-sense" are now all over, and the papers are canvassing the merits of educational institutions in a lively manner. One sees in the old-fashioned "classical" course the only true education; another says this is all pure humbug—that the only true education is to adapt a man for his life-calling. Well, both are right and both are wrong, according to our apprehension. Of course there is a need of special instruction in thousands of cases, and a young man having but one, two or three years for school study, would not be justified in omitting those studies absolutely necessary to fit him for his life-calling. Those who have time and means for a liberal education can, on the other hand, study the classics and higher mathematics and modern science and languages with great profit, and should do so. In this manner only is our scholarship as a nation to be maintained.

Now that the season of bathing is at hand, some advice regarding cramps and paralysis in the water will not be inopportune. When cramp occurs in the limbs, get ashore as quickly as possible, and then use the hands or dry flannels in friction—rubbing the limbs and joints until they are relaxed and warm. The following stimulating liniment, will generally be found to succeed in removing it: Take water of ammonia, or of spirits of hartshorn, one ounce, olive oil, two ounces. Shake them together till they unite. Where the stomach is affected, brandy, ether, laudanum or stimulant of ginger affords the speediest means of cure. The following draught may be taken with great advantage: Laudanum, forty or fifty drops; of tincture of ginger, two drachms; syrup of poppies, one drachm; cinnamon or mint water, Mix for a draught. To be repeated in an hour if necessary. In severe cases, hot flannels, moistened with compound camphor liniment, and turpentine, or a bladder nearly filled with hot water, at a hundred degrees, or a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, should be applied to the pit of

the stomach; bathing the feet in warm water, or applying a mustard poultice to them, is frequently of great advantage. The best preventives when the cause of cramp is constitutional, are warm tonics, such as the essence of ginger and chamomile, Jamaica ginger in powder, etc., avoiding fermented liquors, green vegetables, especially for supper, and wearing flannel next the skin.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THERE seems to be a growing tendency to laugh at the misfortunes of others, to sneer at those who are not as well off as we, and to mimic peculiarities of individuals, which being born in them, they can not very well get rid of. Now, all this is wrong, very wrong, indeed, and shows that those who are unwilling to break themselves of this habit, have but little Christian feeling in them. It is a hard, hard thing to be deaf, to be deprived of the sounds of the beautiful birds' songs, to be shut up in a world where all harmony is excluded from one's ears. You little know how sad and painful a thing it is for one to be deprived of hearing, or you would not treat the deaf as you often do.

Treat them as we do, how?" Why, you get impatient if you can not make them understand the words you address them; your very looks betray your irritation. If a person could hear, do you suppose he would ask you to repeat your question? No, indeed; he would only be too glad to hear at once if he could. Then you grow cross, and putting your mouth to the deaf person's ear, you scream your words in a key too harsh to be musical.

This is not only wrong, it is cruel, and shows you to lack the quality of good sense. It is not the screaming that will accomplish your desires. Speak in tones above your ordinary ones, clearly and distinctly. Be gentle and patient; in fact, do as you would wish to be done by under similar painful circumstances.

If a person whom you visit is in poor circumstances, do not let her see that you notice she is so. You go to see her, don't you, and not to notice the scanty furniture and fare she has? I know of a very nice woman indeed, who is just as good as gold itself, one whom you could not help admiring, were you so fortunate as to be acquainted with her; but she lacks money. Her house is neat, clean, and pleasant, yet there are no carpets to her floors, or paper to her walls. One of her recent visitors remarked to her: "Why, Mrs. C, if I had this cozy little house, I'd order handsome carpets, get some white and gold paper, and have pictures of all kinds."

Mrs. C. smiled, and kindly replied: "And so would I, my dear, if I had the means, but as it is I can not do so, so I thank God for what I do have, and I guess I am quite as happy without them."

Wasn't that a mild rebuke? Why, bless you, girls, the contented disposition of that woman is worth more than all your trappings of elegance. The plain dress sets more nicely—and I don't not it covers a purer heart—than your magnificent dress, that has just come home from Mue Smith's. I'm not speaking at random; I tell you I know it, and Eve don't stray a great way from the truth ever.

Why should we mimic and mock another's infirmities? Haven't we some infirmities of our own hearts that it wouldn't harm us to look after and mend? You'll never cure a drunkard by ridiculing his swaggering gait and maudlin speech. You'll find if you do so that you are commencing your work at the wrong end. Who likes to be mimicked? I don't for one, and if any one does so, he or she is just cut off from my list of friends.

When I have faults—and grandma Lawless knows that I have enough of them, though Charlie can not see any—I'd rather have you scold me outright and have done with it, and I don't think that that is so poor a rule it won't bear carrying out.

I hope these remarks do not apply to you, dear reader, yet should they do so, won't you please, for Eve's sake, think over them a little, and endeavor to mend what may need mending in your character? Take my word for it, you'll be happier for so doing.

We all have faults and infirmities, and it will make us no better by ridiculing those whom we can not aid. If you know how mean and despicable you look by your mimicry you'd leave it off at once.

There, if I haven't done any good to others by these remarks, I have given myself a lesson, and no one needs it more than

EVE LAWLESS.

CHUNKS OF WISDOM.

We don't know who is the philosopher speaking, but deem his suggestions so suggestive that we say cut this out and read it often:

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log-cabin all your own, than a brown-stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by a pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chair, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better to meet your business acquaintances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a man.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand piano.

Better to gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better to eat thin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef and know that it does not belong to you.

Better to let your wife have a fit of hysterics, than run in debt for nice new furniture, or clothes, or jewelry.

DUTY.

If we do our duty while we are sojourners in this great world there will be but little danger that we shall be found wanting when the great day of reckoning comes, because when we have done our duty we shall be but obeying one of the commandments of the great All-wise. We may have but little to do, but, if we do that little well, it will redound as much to our credit as if we were conquerors of cities and victors over enemies.

Because others may impose upon us and cheat us in their transactions, it affords us no excuse to treat them or others in the same way; it should rather teach the lesson of the importance and necessity of being honest and trustworthy in our business dealings. It is not improbable that should any of us wrong us, we in return act up to the motto of "good for evil," we may change him from his evil ways by showing him the good path. We often think

we should have extravagant praise bestowed upon us when we do a praiseworthy action, but, as we are but doing our duty, we are merely acting as we should.

A young writer was engaged to furnish a department every week for a periodical. The amount to be paid for his labor was small, but he looked upon it as the "stepping stone" to something greater, and cheerfully accepted it. Snow or rain, blocked roads and piercing cold found him every week wending his way to the little country post-office—from which he lived three miles—to deposit his humble manuscript. He looked on his labor as if it were no subject for commendation. He said he was but doing his duty. His publishers, being pleased with his punctuality and regularity, made him many presents and aided him in getting engagements on other publications. He had aching limbs often—tired head, severe colds and other ills, but his strict attention to duty was what kept him up, and what should command our respect and esteem, and serve as an example to us who are so negligent in performing our duties. The author is young yet, but may we not rightly expect him, wise and brave things of him in the future? If he has been careful over a few talents, will not the Lord make him the keeper of greater ones?

The boy who lingers on the way to play when sent on errands; the clerk who is half an hour late in the morning and is the first to leave the store in the evening; the apprentice who is wasteful with his employer's time, and thus hurtful to his interests, are not the ones whom we shall be likely to hear of favorably in the future. They are not the ones whom we shall select as our rulers. They will be eyesores to the busy and industrious.

If "trifles make perfection," so surely do little duties tend to greater ones and make true nobility and manhood. A man who does his duty must have a clear conscience; he can look his fellow-beings full in the face and put to the blush the idle and undutiful objects around him.

F. S. F.

Footscap Papers.

Summer Fashions.

For the benefit of that part of fashionable humanity who inhabit the United States and believe altogether in style, and are not satisfied unless their habits are not the latest—in fact, absolutely behind time—I have been induced to give a synopsis of the summer fashions for 1878.

They are various and important, and I beg that this article will be read through two pairs of specs, with due consideration of the pauses and the right pronunciation of the words and proper accent of the syllables.

With gentlemen of taste and talent every thing this summer will be a *la Mode* for promading.

The coat will be superbly inlaid with green-spots and beautifully frescoed with patches of various designs and sizes; buttons charmingly absent, button-holes either entirely removed or all delightfully extended into one, and gorgeously clasped in front by an elaborate tennery nail or a less ostentatious plain pine stick; collar of the rolling order—rolled entirely off the coat; sleeves exquisitely fringed; bay-windows in elbows, airy and commodious.

The stitches in the back and on the shoulders, to make it perfectly *about point*, will be effectively dropped. The coat will either be double or single-tailed—one earnestly torn off; this, trimmed elegantly and fashionably with a rag, cut bias, carefully pinned on behind by a shrewd boy, will make one of the nobbiest and most attractive coats of the season—*recherche*, or words in English to that effect.

The vest will be charming, and from motives of necessity will be worn turned; resolutely without buttons, and fastened with a row of elegant pins, and will be splendidly worn out. Fans will be of a decided antique order of architecture, elaborately knee-sprung and either attractively rolled up or deliciously shoved into boot-tops, and well shingled with exquisite patches selected from different material. Nothing will be worn in the pockets.

A very elaborate and choice toilet in the shape of feet-wear, to match the suit, will be one boot and one shoe; the boot will be invariably worn on the left foot and the shoe on the right—the boot being more stunning and the left foot being more used for stunning purposes.

The boot will be artistically down at the heel, and charmingly unpolished; the holes in the toes to be of some decided pattern and invariably just over the holes in the stocking underneath—although some of the most persistent followers of exalted fashion will extravagantly leave them off.

Soles will either be worn on or worn off, at the option of the wearer. The shoe, to be elegant, will have no heel. It will be brilliantly ripped at the seams and nicely unpatched. Designs in worsted may be worked upon them or the rents skillfully edged with gold braid.

The hat for the summer will be the most unique of any former season, and for style and finish can not be surpassed. It will be of straw, superbly chewed around the edges, forming a fringe of excellent design. The crown will be beautifully torn out, and it will be trimmed with an uncompromising second-hand shoe-string, or an elegant rag-string, conscientiously tied around the hat at half-mast. Artificial flowers may be added.

Paper collars, after six months' service, will be reversed, or painted some other color.

Shirt-fronts will be richly devoid of buttons, characteristically held together by an elaborately rusted shingle-nail; this, besides one or two molasses-spots on the bosom, will be the only jewelry worn by the dilet and fastidious.

Fashionable female attire will be extremely regal this summer. Among the chaste novelties in head-wear will be an imperial sun-bonnet made of exquisitely cheap gingham, fantastically without pasteboards, systematically slouched and carefully washed; a few grease-spots will be allowed for evening wear. An elaborate night-cap, with the edging superbly torn off, will be fashionable.

Irresistible dresses in extravagantly low-priced calico will be all the rage. The sleeves will be finely worn at a roll, skirt with finely worn-out flounces and elegantly undarned, ornamented with captivating patterns in edgings and skillet-black, and beautiful from having successfully escaped seventeen wash-days.

Delightful aprons of goods to match, expensively covered with prints of skillet-handles, will be worn with this suit.

Expensive parsonage of eminently persuasive gingham, as deliciously full of exquisitely maculate rents as they can hold, superfluously faded and broom-handled, will be the delight of the sunny season.

A few women will wear smiles during the coming summer, while others will consider them as a little too expensive articles of feminine apparel and deprive themselves of that luxury—these include your mother-in-law, your wife's aunt, and your landlady.

Ladies this year will wear their husband's pocket-books, and I might add, also, wear their patience quite out.

Among minor novelties, hods will be worn by Irishmen this summer on both shoulders, to answer something of the purpose of epaulettes. Enterprisingly fine-tooth combs will be extremely fashionable; steaks will be cut bias; acquaintances will be cut according to the latest fashionable patterns; wheat will be cut according to the cloth; bunions will be trimmed in the highest style, and husbands will be elegantly up-braided by their faithful wives.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Woman's World.

Summer Fashions for Ladies.—Tulle and Tartan Dresses.—Traveling Suits.—Pitt-Rivers.—Gloves, Hair and Parasols.

The season of wearing gauzy tissues and linen fabrics is upon us. What shall we wear, and how shall we make it, or have it made? Is the question of the hour in the WOMAN'S WORLD.

We almost began to think we would have no summer until the latter days of June, so coolly did our wintry spring linger with us this year. But now, batistes, tussorees, lawns, organdies, tarlatans, grenadines, and gauzes of every description are measured off in cloudy lines on the counters of our great dry goods' palaces and smaller establishments, and laces, real and machine-woven, and costly guipure, and cheaper Hamburg embroideries, sell as fast as the nimble-fingered salesmen and women can measure them off.

Fashion is an arbitrary goddess. She decrees this season that all the woolen fabrics and heavier linen goods shall be made upon a style of severe simplicity: a skirt escaping the ground, trimmed in a modest manner, more or less, with flounces, pleatings, or bias bands, and a long riding-gown with no trimmings save large pockets, cuffs, collar and buttons.

There is a sameness in the general make-up of these garments which is offensive to the eye of good taste—the women on Broadway and Fifth avenue looking, during the fashionable promenade hours, almost as if they had adopted a uniform.

There is more variety in the dictates of the capricious divinity with regard to the gauzier fabrics. These are literally covered with pleatings, flounces, ruffles, and hand-made trimmings of the same material, or made richly elegant with lace and embroidery.

The prettiest dresses for summer night festivals, balls and watering-place hops are made of tulle or tarlatan, flounced and puffed with the material to the waist, or almost to the hips, and worn with an open tunic similarly trimmed and looped with bouquets and garlands of flowers.

Tulle or tarlatan sashes are worn with these dresses, lightly draped around the hips and fastened on one side with flowers. These garlands of flowers are given a most exquisitely natural and graceful effect by being made on flexible rubber stems, which imitate nature to perfection.

Pure white is the prettiest and most effective for these gauzy dresses, but some, made in two shades of color—pink, blue, green, mauve or corn color—look very pretty when worn by a lady with whose complexion, hair and eyes the color harmonizes.

If a lady possesses a set of rich laces, flounces, bertha or fichu, and point or scarf, she may utilize them for several colored and one white tarlatan dress, in a manner that would secure her a variety of summer evening toilets at a comparatively trifling expense. The dresses can be made in a style to admit the laces being basted on when they are to be worn.

Triumph fans of tulle or tarlatan, with carved wood, ivory, or pearl sticks, are brought out by manufacturers to match these tarlatan and tulle dresses. They give them the appropriate name of "dirtation fans." A pretty girl's face looks very charming through the semi-transparent veil of a white-blue or rose-colored "dirtation fan," which she holds up to hide her blushes!

Some very sensible and economical summer traveling-suits are being sold at the very low price of six dollars. They consist of a plain, untrimmed skirt of white and black striped percale, over which is worn a long linen garment, which is made to serve either as a duster when fastened up in front, or as a redingote when left loose below the waist, and looped at the back and on the hips by looping strings, which are attached to the seams underneath. The front is loose, and it has a very large round collar, almost a small cape.

The plain dark blue, or brown, or purple, twilled silk umbrella, has almost superseded the use of the old style fringed lady's parasol. Small and slender sticks, tipped with sterling silver, are considered in better taste than the club-handled parasols, which came in early in the season. Lace-covered parasols, with ivory or pearl handles, are reserved for carriage use and visits of ceremony.

The latest novelties in gloves are of undressed kid, long in the wrist, cut in one piece, and opening with a slit at the wrist, fastened with one riveted button. This is considered a great improvement on the three and four-buttoned kids, which are so troublesome to fasten and to keep in order.

Sterling silver ornaments are rapidly taking the place of those oxidized buckles, clasps and chateaus so fashionable in the spring. Those in dead and bright silver, with cut figures, are most sought for, but there is a fair demand for perfectly plain silver clasps, chateaus and other ornaments.

Hats and bonnets continue to grow larger. Fringed veils are very popular.

Boots and shoes are not made so high on the ankle.

Skirts are worn too long for good taste and comfort.

Hoops and bustles are discarded.

The hair will be worn high during the summer; but the indications are that, by next fall, curls will be worn on the shoulders and high puffs on the top of the head.

EMILY VERDERY.

A voice from the Western Buffalo Ranges and Haunts of the Blackfoot and the Sioux is the pleasant, graphic and exciting series of stories, which we start in this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, viz.:

TALES OF THE FOOTHILLS,

from the pen of one of our most popular writers of Western romance, W. J. HAMILTON. The series will comprise narratives, chiefly by the person-nator therein, of adventures in the wilds of the "foothills," having the rich flavor of the true trapper and hunter-rover of the West, in style of delivery and nature of story.

In this field the SATURDAY JOURNAL certainly is pre-eminent. It numbers among its contributors the best of all living writers in that department of American fiction. Ralph Ringwood, Capt. J. F. C. Adams, Old Corcoran, Joseph E. Badger, Jr., Major Max Martin, Albert W. Aiken, Frederick Dewey, Capt. Charles Howard—what a galaxy of

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepared in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future consideration.—MS. MSS. promptly returned, when stamps accompany the indexes, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package mailed as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect, are not accepted or wanted. In all cases our critics reserve the right to edit, shorten, or delete, upon acceptance of MSS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter. Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find it ever ready to give their efforts early attention. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Among the contributions which we shall have to pronounce unavailable are the following: "Sylvia's Choice;" "Our Nation's Natal Day"—good enough for use but too late; "Tears"—very good, some of them; "The Wanderer's Return;" "Grace after Dinner;" "She's Won't;" "Nettie's Country Trip."

The following we shall find place and space for: "Dick Darling, the Pony Express-rider;" "The Guardian Angel;" "The Royal Sister;" "The Mad Lover;" "The Dog's Exploit;" "Orange and Willow;" "The Mad Chief;" "The Blind Ford;" "Jo Blyden's Last Flight."

HARRIE. Have answered your query a half-dozen times, at least.

We must again request all our writers to use black ink in the preparation of their MSS. Colored inks are simply an abomination, to editor, printer and reader. Use black ink and don't crowd the lines. The better the MS., as such, the quicker it is read. As the editor reads at night, much of the matter submitted, blue or green or brown inks are his special aversion.

MISS P. R. The name Celia is probably from the Latin *Celium*—meaning, heavenly. An old Roman family name was *Cocilia*—from which, it is assumed, the name of St. Cecilia was derived.

MODIO JACK. We know nothing of the person referred to.—The story, "The Desert Queen," was issued in Bendis's *Diary* No. 10, under the title of "The Mustang Hunter." The *Diary* was written by "Red," was by Dr. Wm. Mason Turner.—"White Grizzly" was changed to the "Grizzly Hunters." It was written by Frederick Whitaker.—The person named is no longer a publisher.

DICK SHEPARD. Consult the Stock Reports.

M. F. E. We can only judge of the matter suggested by examining each particular contribution. Biographic matter usually is very dry reading.

P. Any old farmer will tell you how to make good, firm, hard soap. No rule can be given, for the strength of the lye so differs. If the lye is strong enough to float an egg, and the grease is in a warm room, and the lye is then it is pretty easy to obtain a correct result by a given amount of boiling. Soap is merely a combination of grease and potash; the boiling process merely produces this combination. "Combed" soap is combed. It is made by mixing the potash, or strong lye, with the grease and letting it take its time to assimilate, giving frequent stirring. This, however, only produces soft soap.

AUSTIN MCN. If a will is properly drawn up, signed and witnessed, it is valid. It is not necessary that it should have been recorded, but it may be "proved" by the depositions of the witnesses, after the testator's decease.

HAGAR OAKLAND. The fancy for jet jewelry is being revived, and some of the designs are very naive, but the Marguerite style seems to be most in vogue. Jet of all kinds, whether for dress trimming or jewelry, is more massive and more durable than any other material.

JERSEYMAN. You can easily make a cheap and inexpensive ice-house, by laying some rails or poles on a piece of ground sufficiently inclined to carry off water; the crevices with sawdust, and cover with old boards; then take some slabs about twelve feet long, notch the corners as for a log-cabin, set them on the platform, and you have a crib about ten and a half feet square by the side of the deep; add a narrow row of boards, not one on top of the other as you choose to have it high; pack your ice closely, with a layer of sawdust between each layer of ice, and the whole covered with a nearly touching the ice, and the other end raised three feet. In this way you can keep ice the same length of time as you could a more expensive building.

HORR LAYNE. Saddle seats of twisted cane or marino are worn by little girls. They are made with the blouse waist, and single skirt scolloped and bound. Straight rows of military braid are frequently used as trimming.

MARIE GEORGE. The rules adopted by the celebrated "Beetle Club," started in England during the year 1784, were as follows:

Be sure that you eat until the fork breaks—Be sure that you have to wash the steak! Good food in plenty; nor a moment's sleep, but turn it over this way, and then that! The lean should be quite raw—not so fat! The platter now and then, and then the knife. Put on your butter, place it on your meat, Sally pepper, turn it over, and then that!

JULIA V. D. Yes, it is true that the prices of goods have very much decreased since the early part of the season. You can get a very good-looking pair of kid gloves for one dollar, and a pair of black silk dresses for much lower, and especially silk, fifty twenty per cent. A good American black silk is the most serviceable of all dresses.

ANNE F. J. Scotch bread is made by mixing two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, six ounces of sugar; rub all together; roll out half an inch thick, and lay a strip of candied peel on each cake, and bake in a quick oven.

WILLIAM HENDRICKS. There are about 9,800 cubic miles of water (nearly half of the fresh water on the globe) in the "Upper Lakes" of North America, and 18,000,000 cubic miles of water in the "Lower Lakes." Falls every minute. This water of the lakes makes the circuit of the Falls, the St. Lawrence, the ocean, vapor, rain, and the lakes in 187 years.

TOM T. SKINNER. William Cullen Bryant was born in Cunnington, Mass. In the year 1826 he assumed the chief conduct of the *Evening Post*, with which he has since been connected, though really doing very little editorial labor, for many years past. He now visits the office only at intervals. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, is the ostensible "responsible" editor of the paper.

NOAH SEYMEN. Damascus is the oldest city in the world, and is said to be older than the city of Nineveh, was before the days of Abraham. From Damascus comes the delicious apricot of Portugal, called *damaço*. The damask rose, introduced into Europe by the reign of Henry VIII., and also the Damascus blade, so famous for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, originated in that city.

PENTON BARNERIDGE. An English law compels a married woman, if she has money, and her husband has none, to support him, even if he be worthless. The expense of his living must not fall upon the people or parish!

CLINTON MONTGOMERY. Ostriches are raised in a tame state in Africa for their feathers. Every eight months the birds are plucked, and each year one bird averages fifty dollars in the value of its plumage. When ostrich feathers cease to be "the style" the plumage will lose much of its value.

ANTHONY. The capacity of Rome's theaters, in ancient times, was fabulous. One Coliseum had 50,000 seats, besides 22,000 standing places. The Circus Maximus had room for 386,000 spectators. There was, at that time, 90 public baths in Rome. In the fifth century, after Rome was plundered by the Germans and Vandals, Zacharias, a historian, reports that Rome had 834 streets, 30 golden statues, 56,697 statues, 31,082 fountains, 3,785 bronze statues of emperors and officers, 22 colossal horse statues, 41 theaters, 2,300 perfume stores, and 2,291 prisons. Thebans had paid for income duty one year \$8,000,000. Alexandria had a library of 700,000 volumes at a time when manuscripts were rare and costly. Athens had the theater of Bacchus, capable of holding 30,000 persons.

CHRISTIAN. There are said to be thirty thousand Gods in the Chinese religion or mythology.

WILLIAM JOHNSON. We think you must refer to the Spanish law which prohibits persons marrying when over the age of 70 years.

HOWEVER. Buttermilk-cakes for breakfast, always a good standard dish, are made by mixing two quarts of buttermilk, one tablespoonful of soda, and enough flour to make a batter, not too thick. Fry them on a griddle, and serve hot.

HENRY MC. The State of Missouri grows more than twenty-five million pounds of tobacco annually.

ELIZABETH P. The island of Australia is about two-thirds the size of the United States. In the fifth century, comprising an area of nearly 3,000,000 square miles.

ENGLISHMAN. London, now the largest city in Europe, was founded by the Romans, forty-nine years after Christ.

POOR IN A WORLD OF PLENTY.

BY A. F. MORRIS, JR.

A night that is damp and cold and chill
Mantles a scene of snow and sleet—
And all is still.
Except the sigh of the wintry wind,
Fall of murmurs of mournful kind
As it breathes over the painted street.
A form that is frail, and thin and clad,
Wearing a face that tells of woes
And looks so sad,
Tottering, hungered, raggedly bare,
Dying alone in the freezing air—
An outcast human whom no one knows!
A hall that glitters in plenty's store,
Shedding its lights on that shape outside
So tired and sore;
And there no Christian to lend an aid
To her who vainly and long has prayed,
Nor eyes to drop one tear if she died!
A morsel of beauty with kisses of gold,
And homes and lives are full of bliss
And joys untold;
And strains of love, and songs of glee,
And strains of mirthful melody,
All pour out in their posied kiss!
But while the earth is brimming with sweets,
And everything is so glad and gay,
And laughter greets;
One lies lonely and dead in a snowy pall—
The unknown beggar that died to-day!

The Wife's Error.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

FAR out on the cold gray waters that tossed
drearly and sullenly under a leaden sky, the
short, choppy waves lashed into occasional
foam-caps by the roaring, surging wind. Isidore
Amity was looking—looking with eyes
from which all joy seemed forever banished,
into which everlasting woe had crept, and lurked,
like baleful shadows in the violet depths.

There were no traces of tears in her eyes, and
yet you would have said there were many curling
around her heart. You could tell by the
still, dumb agony of the compressed lips, the
pallid whiteness around her mouth, the cold,
immovable way in which she sat there.

She was hardly a beautiful woman; and yet,
with her great, gloriously blue eyes, and the
streaming, clinging wealth of palest bronze hair
that the rough east wind had loosened and
flung about her; her marble-white face, and small
mouth, Isidore Amity ought to have been very
fair. And if it had not been for the man of
whom she sat there thinking, thinking, thinking,
that cool, raw August day, until her brain
whirled dizzily with sheer desperate anguish,
she would have been as lovely as any in the
land. But the fierce fires of trouble this man—
this gentleman—had kindled, left their scorch-
marks not less on face than heart. He was her
husband, too. He had won her in all the fresh-
ness and budding promise of her girlhood; he
had carried her to Europe, and over her own
country; he had made her life a dream so bliss-
ful that she dared not think herself if it
was real life, or an enchanted existence she was
enjoying.

He was very devoted—very tender,
as a woman so loves to be treated by her hus-
band; so thoughtful in little things, so ever
ready to sacrifice his own comfort for hers; so
quick to anticipate her wishes, even her
thoughts. And so—how could she have helped
it? Where is the wife that would not have
worshiped such a husband? Isidore learned
to let her very life be for him; life was he,
only he, to her. Then—at all at once—well, it needs
only a word to tell how Julie Bertrand's fascinat-
ing face came between them—ah! even the
child east wind blowing through and through her
sent such a deadly shiver over her as could the
memory of the time when she believed Julie
Bertrand had won her husband from her. Of
course John Amity denied the accusation; then
he resented it; afterward, when in her jealous
chidings she hotly reproached him, he coolly
laughed, then stormed, then sternly and silent-
ly left her presence without a word; and then,
to sum all agony in one stinging weight, she
saw him, five minutes later, walking beside Ju-
lie Bertrand, whose dark, piquant face
laughingly upturned to his own, and whose smile
that night the pillow beside John Amity was
unpressed by his wife's head, and to his fluted
lace ruff was pinned a note:

"Since you care for me more than me, I can't
stay. I loved you more than any woman ever can."
He read it with flashing eyes and clenched
teeth.

"She has left me—me!"
Then the wrath faded, and such a pitiful
yearning came into his proud, handsome
eyes.

"Silly child! I never dreamed she was so
in earnest! To think I care for Miss Ber-
trand!"

All night he sat, sleepless, by the window,
warring with the emotions in his breast. He
chided himself for the way he had met his wife's
jealous accusations. Why had he not taken her
in his arms and kissed away the horrid doubt
that was born of such love for him?

He regretted then that he ever had spoken
anght to Julie Bertrand since the night Isidore
had spoken to him; he regretted vainly all he
had said; and of what avail were his regrets?
Isidore, his darling, had gone. Where?

If he but knew; and yet, he did not worry so
greatly, for he was so sure she would come
back, penitent and glad in the morning.

But, when the hours of the night brought
full-orbed day, and the days had grown to
weeks and to months, and still there came no
Isidore, no tidings, no clue, his soul sickened
with grief, and he started forth alone to find
her, living or dead.

Two years! Isidore could better believe it
two ages since the warm August night when
she pinned her farewell to her pillow, kissed the
one where his dear head had lain; two years,
this very day, and the second anniversary was
a day of frowning skies, and moaning winds,
as the first had been, as it was meet.

Only, to-day, Julie Bertrand had crossed her
path for the first time since—that other dread-
ful time.

She had seen Julie from her window when
the passengers from the boat came in. She had
recognized that same gloriously dark face,
framed by a witching little lace gipsey, with
a trailing spray of clematis and ribbon grass
resting on her slender, shapely shoulder.

The proud, dark face had brought all Isidore's
troubles freshly back. Not that they ever had
left her, for a moment; only the very keenest
edge was slightly worn off; and Julie had
stirred up the ashes of memories Isidore was
trying to kill.

But they would not be killed; she knew that
by the wild tumult of her soul as she sat on
the sea-shore, crouching behind one of those
huge jutting boulders that abound at Newport.

She was wondering how long Julie Ber-
trand would remain; she was despairingly yearning
after the old, old times; she was wishing the
rebellious tears, that refused to come, would
cool and moisten her hot, dry eyeballs—and
then—she fairly shrank into herself, cowering
like a guilty woman, for there, right behind her,
on the opposite side of her rocky retreat,
sounded her husband's voice. Her husband's,
and Julie Bertrand's.

The wind blew fitfully, but between gusts
she heard it all; and then, when they walked
away, all unconscious of her presence, she slid
softly down on her knees, and mingled her
thanksgiving with the roar of the waves and
the rush of the winds.

"Poor Isidore—is it possible you never have
heard of, or from her?"

How plainly Julie's sweet voice had sounded
above the noise of the tempestuous waves.
"Never, Miss Bertrand, though I have sought
from Maine to California."

His dear voice! still so melodious, so deep in
its intonation.

"What a pity," and Miss Bertrand's words
came in a low, pitiful cadence; and Isidore set
her teeth tightly together as she listened.

"But, will you keep on looking, dear Mr.
Amity? Surely two years' desertion is suf-
ficient cause for—"

"Miss Bertrand, spare yourself the shame of
what you were about to say. Suffice it, that if
I could find my wife—my good, pure, sorely
tried wife, I would consider no pains too great,
no trouble too severe. When she comes back
—I know she will come some day—she will find
me a better man, a worthier man, than she left
me."

The voices died away in a great rush of wind
again, and in a moment Isidore saw her hus-
band going alone down the steep path from the
hotel.

She waited a while; and then Julie went
alone back to the hotel.

And then, trembling so she could not walk
straight, Isidore returned hastily to her room.
With wild haste she took from the bottom of
one of her trunks a dress—delicate green it
was, trimmed with black lace; she donned it,
fastened a lace ruffle at her throat with a small
coral star, hung corals in her tiny ears, and then
rung for a waiter to ascertain the number of
the room assigned to Mr. John Amity.

"Do I look like I did that night?" she mur-
mured, wistfully—"that night I went away,
when I so wronged him, so cruelly wronged
him? Oh, I wonder what he will say when he
finds me here, in his room?"

She sat down by the open window to watch
him come; then, when she saw him, she drew
back lest he should see her. Nearer he came,
up the stairs, through the corridor; the door-
knob turned; the door swung open—

Was it only a mocking vision from the past?
or was it Isidore's warm, clinging arms around
his neck?

Isidore's tear-wet cheeks pressed his own.
"Oh, John—can you ever—ever forgive?"
And then he knew he was happy again, for
all time.

The Specter Barque.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.
AUTHOR OF "TRACKED TO DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHIP WITHOUT SAILORS.

AMONG the vessels lying in the harbor of San
Francisco is one that would seem sternly
to read the name *El Condor*.

She is a ship of small size—some five or six
hundred tons—devoted to peaceful commerce,
as may be told by certain insignia intelligible
to seamen.

The name will suggest a South American
vessel, Ecuadorian, Peruvian, Bolivian, or
Chilian, since the bird from which she has been
baptized is found in all these countries. Co-
lombia and the Argentine States can also claim
it.

There is no need to guess at the particular
one to which the ship in question belongs.
The flag down over her taffrail tells it by a
symbolism known to those who take an interest
in national insignia.

It is a tricolor—the orthodox and almost
universal red, white and blue—the colors not as
in the French—in three vertical stripes—but
disposed in two horizontal bands, the lower red,
the upper equally divided between the white and
blue; the last next to the staff, with a single
five-pointed star set centrally in its field.

This disposition proclaims the ship to be
Chilian.

She is not the only vessel of this nationality
in the harbor of San Francisco. Several other
craft are there that hoist the same ensign;
brigs, barques, schooners and ships. For the
spirited little Republic of Chili is prosperous, as
enterprising; and its colors may be seen all
over the Pacific. With its population of skilled
miners, it has been among the first of foreign
states in sending a large representative force to
cradle the gold placers of California. Not only
are its ships lying in the bay, but its *guano* and
gambusinos in goodly number tread the streets
of the town; while many of the dark-eyed
Chilians, who from piazzas and balconies greet
the passer-by with smiles, are those seductive
little *chilenas* known to every sailor who has
visited Valparaiso.

But we are wandering away from the ship
El Condor. Let us return to and go aboard of
her.

We see not much there that can strictly be
called Chilian. But little besides the ship her-
self and the captain commanding; not com-
manding sailors, for there is not a single one
aboard, either hailing from Chili or elsewhere.
They have abandoned her—gone off to the gold-
diggings!

Arriving in San Francisco in the heat of the
plague-fever, they preferred seeking fortune
with pick, shovel and pan, to handling tarry
ropes at ten dollars a month.

Almost on the instant of the ship dropping
anchor they deserted her to a man, leaving her
skipper alone, with only the cook for a com-
panion.

Neither is the last Chilian, but African. No
more are the two monkeys, observed gambolling
about the deck: for Chili—too far from the
tropic zone—knows not the *quadrangula*.

Scarcely any thing seen upon the *Condor*
would proclaim her a South American ship.

Above all, nothing in her cargo, for a cargo
there is. She has just arrived from a trading
voyage among the South Sea Isles, extending
to the Indian Archipelago. Thence her lading,
a varied assortment, consisting of tortoise-
shell, spices, Manila cigars, and such other
commodities as may be collected on a trip to
the Oriental Islands. Hence also the two
monkeys—large creatures of the *mayas* kind,
brought from Borneo.

Only a small portion of the cargo has been
intended for the Californian port; this already
landed. The rest remains in her hold, awaiting
transport to Valparaiso.

How soon the *Condor* will arrive there, or
take departure from San Francisco, is a ques-
tion that even her captain can not answer. If
asked, he would most probably reply, "*Quien
sabe!*" And if further pressed, he might point
to his deserted decks, offering that as the ex-
planation.

Captain Antonio Lantanas is a Chilian of the
pure Spanish-American type—and being this,
he takes things coolly, bearing his disappoint-
ments with a patient resignation, that would be
quite incomprehensible to either English or
Yankee skipper.

With a broad-brimmed Manila hat shading
his thin, swarthy features from the sun, he sits
all day upon his quarter, or stands resting his
elbows on the capstan head, doing one of two
things: either rolling paper cigarritos, or smok-
ing them.

He only varies this occupation by playing
with his pet monkeys. They are a male and
female, full of fun in their uncouth fashion;
and Captain Lantanas takes this out of them by
occasionally touching their noses with the red
end of his cigarrito, and seeing them scamper
off, surprised at the singular, and to them
somewhat painful, effect of fire.

His meals are served regularly three times a
day, and his *kok*—a darky, black as the tar
upon the ladder ropes—after having served
them, returns to an idleness equaling his own.
He, too, has his diversion with the monkeys,
approaching much nearer to them in appear-
ance; and, perhaps, more congenial as a play-
mate.

At times Captain Lantanas takes his gig and
rows himself ashore. But not to search for
sailors. He knows that would be an idle er-
rand. True, there are plenty of them in San
Francisco; scores seen in the streets, and other
scores in the taverns and restaurants. But they
are all rollicking, and if not rich soon hope to
be. Not a man of them could be coaxed on
board the *Condor* or any other ship for a wage
less than would make her voyage unprofitable
to the owners.

As Captain Lantanas is not only master but
proprietor of his own craft, he has no intention
of making an idle trip; and the *Condor* can
not take a flight until times change. When this
may be, and she can spread her canvas
wings for Valparaiso, he has not the remotest
idea. He only goes ashore to meet other skip-
pers with ships crewless as his own; take a
drink with them, smoke cigarritos, and ex-
change condolence on their common destitute-
ness.

On a certain day—that on which we are in-
troduced to him—he has not sculled himself
ashore; but abides upon his vessel, there await-
ing the arrival of one who has sent him a mes-
sage.

Although San Francisco is fast being trans-
formed to an American town, there is among its
newspapers a small sheet printed in Spanish
—by name *El Diario*. In this, Captain Lantanas
has advertised his vessel, as a ship open for
freight or passage, bound for Valparaiso, and to
call at intermediate ports, Panama among the
number.

The *"aviso"* has directed reference to be
made aboard the ship herself, and to her cap-
tain, Don Antonio Lantanas.

In answer to it a letter has been received, and
an appointment made by one who has promised
to be aboard by 12 M. This is the day appoint-
ed.

Though a stranger to San Francisco, Captain
Lantanas has some knowledge of his correspon-
dent; at least he has heard that a gentle-
man of the same name as that signed to the
letter is a large landed proprietor, whose acres
lie contiguous to the town, of late quadrupled
in value—by the gold immigration. What this
gentleman may want with him or his ship Cap-
tain Lantanas can not tell, nor guess. But,
while standing with elbow resting on the cap-
stan, and puffing away at his paper cigarrito,
he is endeavoring to do the latter.

Help he has, from something heard on his
last visit to the town, made two days before;
there in Spanish circles the talk was that the
laciendado in question has lately sold his land
and realized an immense sum by the sale—half a
million mentioned. Furthermore, that being a
Spaniard, and neither Mexican nor Californian,
he was about to take back his family, as also
his household goods; thus aggrandized to the
place whence, two years before, he had brought
them. Then, as the story went, they could
have been stowed in a single stateroom, or at
most two; now they might require a whole
ship, or a goodly portion of one.

El Condor has still plenty of room to spare.
Her hold is not half full; and her cabin has ac-
commodation for several passengers. Might it
be for this his correspondent is seeking an inter-
view?

Captain Lantanas asks the question of him-
self. It pleases him to think it may be.

While indulging in this hope, he sees that
which for a time puts an end to his specula-
tions.

It is a shore boat, with a single pair of row-
ers, and a gentleman, evidently a landsman,
seated in the stern sheets. And as evidently
steering straight for *El Condor*.

Captain Lantanas steps to the side of his ves-
sel; and, standing in the waist, awaits the ar-
rival of his visitor.

As the boat draws near he sees a gentleman
of Spanish features, dressed in semi-Californian
costume, and is now pretty sure it is he who
has answered his advertisement in the news-
paper.

He can no longer have a doubt when the
Californian, having ascended the man-ropes,
and stepped down upon the deck, hands him a
card, bearing the name of his correspondent.

CHAPTER XVII.

PASSAGES TO PANAMA.

HE who has thus presented himself to Cap-
tain Lantanas is a man, in age well up to sixty,
and somewhat above medium height. Taller
than he appears, though a slight stoop in the
shoulders, and a step, though not tottering,
shows vigor impaired, and on his countenance
are the traces of recent ill health, with strength
not yet restored.

His complexion is clear, rather reddish, and
in health might be more so; while his hair,
both on head and chin—the latter a long, flow-
ing beard—now snow-white—could never have
been dark; more likely of the color called
sandy.

This, with grayish-blue eyes, and features
showing some traces of Celtic conformation,
would argue him either not a Spaniard, or one
belonging to the province of Biscay.

The last he is: for the correspondent of Cap-
tain Lantanas is Don Gregorio Montijo.

The illness which has made inroads upon his
health, enfeebling a once-vigorous frame, has
been in part mental suffering caused by the
death of his wife, but more from an intermit-
tent fever, the effects of which are still observ-
able in eyes somewhat sunken.

It is partly in hope of getting his strength re-
stored that he is returning to Spain; though
other reasons, already assigned, have contrib-
uted to the resolve.

Perhaps it is the near prospect of the change
that now makes him high-hearted; or it may
be the recent grand stroke of good fortune in
having realized such a large sum by the sale of
his estate. Whatever the cause, there is a spark-
le in his eye as he steps on board the ship that
tells a tale of cheerfulness rather than despon-
dency.

No wonder at this. A man who has just sold
a tract of land for \$300,000, which twelve
months before was worth only a small portion
of the sum, could scarce be other than cheerful.
And besides having made the sale, received the
money, if not in gold coin, in its equivalent
gold-dust and nuggets, the then common cur-
rency of California.

No doubt it has something to do with Don

Gregorio's being in good spirits. For he is, as
shown by his smiling face as he steps on
board.

His presenting the card is to save speech in
the formality of introduction. After which, he
says, "Captain Lantanas, I presume?" then
stands to recover his breath, taken from him
by the effort made in climbing up the com-
panion.

"*Si, senor*," responds the master of the *Con-
dor*, bowing with becoming humility before a
man reputedly so rich. "*A servicio de v.*" he
adds; and after this proffer of service, waits to
hear what may be required of him.

"Well, captain, having seen your advertise-
ment in the *Diario*, I wrote an answer to it.
Have you received my letter?"

"*Si, senor*."
"My bien! I thought it best to come
aboard; so that I might be made acquainted
with all particulars. Your ship is for freight
or passage?"

"Either, *senor*,"

"You advertise bound for Valparaiso, and
intermediate ports?"

"*Si, senor*."

"Have you any passengers?"

"Not as yet."

"How many can you take?"

"Well, to speak truth, my craft is not in-
tended to carry passengers. She's a trading
vessel, as you may see. But if you'll come
with me to the cabin, you can judge for your-
self. There's a snug little saloon, and sleeping
accommodations for six; two of them state-
rooms that will serve, if need be, for ladies."

"That will do. Now about freight. Have
you any cargo aboard?"

"A portion of my ship is already occupied."

"That won't signify to me. I suppose you
have enough room left for something that
weighs less than a ton, and isn't of any great
bulk. Say it will take half a score of cubic
feet. Can you find storage for that?"

"*Si, senor*. That and two hundred times as
much."

"*Bueno!* And also three passengers: a
gentleman and two ladies—in short, myself
and daughters; at least one of them is; the
other is my grand-daughter. Can you find ac-
commodations for us all?"

"Will the *Senor Montijo* step into the *Con-
dor's* cabin, and see for himself?"

"Of course."

Captain Lantanas leads down the stairway,
his visitor following.

The saloon is examined; after it the state-
rooms, right and left.

The examination proves satisfactory.

"Just the thing," says Don Gregorio, speak-
ing in soliloquy. "It will do," he adds, ad-
dressing himself to the skipper. "And now,
Captain Lantanas, about terms—what are they
to be?"

"That, *senor*, will depend on what is want-
ed. Where do you wish me to take you?"

"Panama. I must make landing there. It
is one of the ports mentioned in your advertise-
ment?"

"It is, *senor*."

"Well, for the freight—as I've told you,
about a ton—and the three passengers—how
much?"

"The price, *senor*, will depend upon the
class of freight. Is it gold? From your de-
scription I suppose it must be."

Don Gregorio pauses before making reply.
Notwithstanding his great riches, he is some-
what near, if not niggardly. And not the less
for these being but recently acquired. He
would like to have his gold transported to
Panama, cheaply as possible. At the same
time he wishes to get it there in safety, and to
do so he has determined to take it secretly.

This his principal reason for securing passage
on a trading-ship, instead of by one of the
regular lines already commenced running be-
tween San Francisco and the Isthmus. He
has heard that these are crowded with rough
miners on their return home; many of them
queer characters, little better than robbers.
He dreads trusting his golden treasure among
them, and still more his girls. He has faith,
however, in the honor and honesty of Captain
Antonio Lantanas; having heard all about the
Chilian skipper from his friend ashore—one
Don Tomas Silvestre.

Under the circumstances, and with such a
man, it will not do to drive too hard a bargain;
and Don Gregorio, thus reflecting, confesses his
freight to be gold.

"In coin?" asks the captain.

"No. Dust, and placer grains."

"All the same. As the *senor* must know,
the terms for such freight are special. There-
fore, I shall ask \$2000 for taking the gold, and
\$200 each for the passengers."

"It is a large price," says Don Gregorio.
"But I suppose I must agree to it. When will
you be ready to sail?"

"I am ready now, *senor*—that is, if—"

"If what?"

"The captain, remembering his crewless ship,
does not make immediate answer.

"If," says Don Gregorio, "you're calculat-
ing on any delay from me, you needn't. I can
have every thing on board in three or four days
—a week at most."

The skipper is still silent, thinking of ex-
cuses. He dislikes losing the chance of such a
profitable lading; and yet knows he can not
well enter into the contract for want of hands
to work his ship.

There seems no help for it but to confess his
shortcomings. Perhaps Don Gregorio will
wait till he can get a crew. The more likely,
since nearly every other ship in the port is in a
similar predicament.

"*Senor*," he says, at length, "my ship is at
your service, and I should be pleased and
proud to have you and your ladies as my pas-
sengers. But there's a little difficulty to be
got over before I can sail from San Fran-
cisco."

Clearance duties—port dues to be paid.
You want the money advanced, I presume?
Well, I shall not object to prepaying it in part.
How much do you require?"

"Thank you, *Senor Montijo*. It's not any-
thing of that kind. Although far from rich,
thank Heaven neither I nor my craft is under
embargo. I could sail out of this harbor in
half an hour, but for want of—"

"Want of what?" asks the ex-ganadero, in
some surprise.

"Sailors."

"What! have you no sailors?"

"I'm sorry to say, none."

"I thought it strange, noticing nobody
aboard except that black fellow. I supposed
your sailors had gone ashore."

"So have they, *senor*; and intend staying
there. *Capitao!* that's the trouble. They've
gone off to the gold-diggings; every one of
them, except my negro cook. No doubt I
should have lost him, but he knows that Cali-
fornia is now in the United States, and fears
that some Southern Yankee might take a
fancy to enslave him, or that he might meet
his old master; for he has been a slave al-
ready."

"How vexations all this!" says Don Grego-
rio. "I suppose I shall have to look out for
another ship?"

"I fear you will not find one much better
provided with sailors. In that respect, to use
a professional phrase, we're all in the same boat."

"You assure me of that?"

"I do, *senor*."

"Captain Lantanas, I can trust you. And
now let me tell you, I am not here without
knowing something of yourself. You have a
friend in San Francisco—Don Tomas Silves-
tre?"

"I have the honor of Don Tomas' friend-
ship."

"Well, he has recommended you in such
terms that I can fully rely upon your integrity.
And trusting to it, I'll make known to you why
I wish to take passage in your ship."

The Chilian skipper bows thanks for the

got away, eh?" the officer questioned. "It's plain enough to me. He either didn't come upstairs at all, or else the key was in the door which leads to the roof, and he just went out, took the key with him, and locked the door on the outside; then he ran over the roofs and went down to the street through some other house. It's an old dodge. I've seen a chap play it right in the daytime with two or three officers smack at his heels, and get away, too."

"No, it's not that," the Virginian muttered, his mind returning slowly from the dreamland in which it had been wandering. "It's the face of that girl in there?" and Campbell pointed to the room which he had just left.

"What of it?" asked the officer in wonder. "She's a pretty girl and a ladylike girl, too; but I don't see anything in her face for to knock a man all of a heap."

"I don't understand it myself," the colonel said, slowly. "It has made a wonderful impression upon me. The face seems so familiar, and yet I can't remember that I ever saw one like it before."

The policeman looked at the Virginian for a moment in wonder, and then muttered something in an undertone about "a first-class subject for a first-class 'looney' asylum." Then he advanced briskly toward the door at the head of the stairs and rapped.

The door was opened by Mrs. Murphy, the mother of the boy, in person. The officer explained his business, and Campbell proceeded to search the rooms.

There were only Mrs. Murphy and Chocolate, who was tending the baby, in the apartments; the rest of the family had gone off to attend a "wake."

The sagacious officer expected to again see Campbell struck "all of a heap," as he would have expressed it, at the sight of Chocolate, for he had got an idea in his head that his companion was slightly cracked in the upper story, and that the fresh, innocent face of a young girl developed his madness. But the officer was disappointed. Beyond a single searching glance, Campbell paid no attention to the young girl.

Within three minutes the search was concluded, and no trace of John Blaine was discovered.

And as Campbell closed the door behind him and stood on the landing, apparently in deep thought, he cast an earnest glance at the door of Mary's room, as if he wished again to behold the face that had affected him so strangely.

The policeman, who was half-way downstairs, noticed the hesitation of his companion, and stopped in wonder to observe him.

"Blessed if he ain't at it again!" he muttered.

But Campbell conquered the strong impulse and slowly followed the officer down-stairs, pausing every now and then to cast a glance behind him, as though he was half inclined to go back.

The policeman kept his eye upon him and became more and more convinced that his suspicion was correct as regarded the lunacy of the searcher after John Blaine. Then suddenly, by across the mind of the worthy officer flashed the thought that perhaps the statement of Campbell that he had chased the escaped convict into the tenement-house was but the delusion of a madman. And the officer swore like a trooper to himself when he reflected that he had wasted half an hour or more in the search.

"I wonder if I hadn't ought to 'take him in?' muttered the policeman, dubiously, as he stood on the sidewalk, and surveyed Campbell, who was descending the steps.

But out in the cold night air, in the face lit up by the flickering glare of the gaslight, the policeman could detect no trace of madness. The Virginian was himself again.

"I am really sorry I've put you to all this trouble," Campbell said. "It is a wonder how this man has contrived to elude us. I am of the opinion, though, that the boy was mistaken, and that he did not go upstairs at all."

"He might have got off by way of the roof, you know," suggested the officer.

"Perhaps so."

"Well, I'm sorry we didn't nab him," the officer observed, reflectively. "I should have liked to have raked in that little five hundred reward that is offered for him; but better luck next time. We can't 'keno' every lick, you know. I'll just tell the roundsman 'bout the affair, and he'll warn all the officers on post near to keep their eyes open for this chap. Maybe we'll get him 'fore morning now; good-night."

The officer moved off, and from that time until he was relieved from his beat, he found plenty of occupation in arguing with himself whether the Virginian was a sane man or a "looney."

And Campbell, in front of the tenement-house, gazed up at the lighted windows, as though with his piercing eyes he would tear from the dark bricks and the transparent glass the secret of John Blaine's almost miraculous escape.

For full twenty minutes the colonel remained motionless as a statue, his brain in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

Then suddenly he seemed to recover his senses.

"Much good it will do me to stand staring here, like a fool, up at this building," he muttered, savagely. "Oh, what an idiot I was! I didn't jump upon him in the street! I took a fiendish pleasure in following so close upon his track and thinking of the agony that he must endure in his fruitless efforts to elude me. But at last he did the trick and threw me off the scent. By this time he is probably a mile or so away, and laughing in his sleeve at his success in getting the best of me. I had the bird right in my hand and yet did not grasp him. I'll know better next time. But now, what shall I do to hit upon his track again?" Then Campbell turned and walked up the street, meditating deeply. "He will not attempt to go back to the house in Madison avenue, now that he knows that his retreat there is discovered. He will hardly try to leave the city, for he will surely guess that this night's work will render the police doubly vigilant. There's only one thing for me to do: watch that Irishman; he is in communication with Blaine and will lead me to him again, just as he did this time. And now the first thing for me to do is to go down to the Central Office and give all the particulars of my chase to-night."

And jumping into a street-car at the corner, Campbell rode at once down-town.

Some twenty minutes after the rooms of Mrs. Murphy had been searched by the amateur detective, Chocolate resigned the baby to Mrs. Murphy, bid her good-night and proceeded to her own apartments. To her astonishment she found that the door was locked.

She rapped, and after a moment or so she could hear Mary's footsteps as she came to the door, but the girl did not open it, but spoke:

"Who is it?"

"Me—Chocolate," replied the second Mary, emphatically, if not with a due regard for Lindley Murray.

Then there was a delay of a minute or so, at which Chocolate wondered greatly, and Mary unlocked the door and opened it.

As Chocolate entered the little kitchen she

was astonished at Mary's appearance. Her face was deadly pale, and she was trembling in every limb, evidently under the influence of some great excitement.

"Why, Mary, what is the matter with you, and why did you lock the door?"

"I—I was frightened," Mary stammered, in a low voice, evidently speaking only with a great effort.

The explanation was reasonable, and Chocolate did not wonder now that the girl had locked the door. She came close up to the trembling girl and placed her arm around her waist.

"Just think of an escaped convict coming right here in the house; we might all be murdered!" she said. "Why, now, you're trembling. Mary, I've got a bottle of hairbrush in the pocket of my black dress in the bedroom; I'll get it."

Chocolate advanced toward the dark room, but with a cry of alarm, Mary flung herself before the door.

"No, no, you must not enter here!" she exclaimed, wildly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

Tales of the Border.

"Wild Austin's" Race.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

A SHORT time subsequent to the establishment of a fortified post at Boonesboro, a small party of adventurous settlers located lands, and began the erection of a block-house upon the northern bank of the Beech Fork of Salt river in what is now known as Nelson county.

While engaged in the difficult and arduous task of getting out and properly placing the heavy timber requisite for the construction of the stockade, the settlers were necessarily much exposed to sudden and unexpected attacks from their savage foe, and so pressing did this danger at length become, that it was determined to forego the project and retreat to a safer position.

But, just at this moment of depression, a circumstance transpired which at once restored courage and confidence, and the work was renewed and pushed rapidly forward to completion.

It had become known that the Indians were massing upon the northern bank of the Ohio river with the intention of making a general raid throughout the border settlements, and the alarm was sent over the exposed districts.

With the little party who were laboring hard to erect their place of shelter before the storm should burst, the day had been one of much more than usual alarm and uneasiness.

The hunters who had gone out at early morning to procure food, had hastily returned, after an absence of less than an hour, bringing with them the unwelcome intelligence that they had discovered fresh Indian "sign" in the valley that lay beyond the range of hills less than a mile to the northward.

The trail disclosed was that of quite a large party, and its close proximity to where they were telling tales, clearly indicated that it was impossible for the savages to have passed by without becoming aware of what was going on.

The fact that the trail led off in an easterly direction—that is away from the camp—gave them no hope that such was not the case; indeed, the more experienced saw in this but a ruse to throw them off their guard.

A hasty council was held, and it was determined to at once begin the retreat to Boonesboro.

With heavy hearts the pioneers formed in line to begin their march. The word to advance was about to be uttered, when, suddenly, all eyes were turned toward a thicket bordering the clearing from whence came the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps.

A moment later the bushes parted, and out into the open there strode a figure of wild and startling aspect.

It was that of a man of gigantic stature, clad in garments of fur as light as the skins of wild animals, with no covering upon his head save that afforded by an immense shock of sunburned, matted hair, and possessing no arms save a long hickory pole, upon the smaller end of which was fastened a blade shaped much like that of the old-fashioned sickle or reaper.

The gaunt, cadaverous face of this singular being was perfectly bloodless, a sickly, clayey color, but from out it there glared a pair of wild, fierce eyes, in the depths of which the most careless observer would have detected the slumbering fires of insanity.

Although this sudden appearance of the strange-looking creature excited the utmost astonishment, yet it was evident that he was not unknown to the settlers, as became manifest by various exclamations, such as "Wild Austin!" "He's roaming again," etc., thereby implying not only a knowledge of the man's name, but of some peculiar mode of procedure upon his part as well.

The settlers were not given much time in which to speculate upon the cause of this visit. Reaching the center of the clearing, Wild Austin—such was the name by which he was known throughout the wilderness—suddenly paused, and, stretching out his arm toward the north, exclaimed in a shrill, piercing voice:

"Are ye blind that ye see them not as they steal upon ye from the forest? They will be upon ye before these shadows shall shorten a single inch! Be ready!" and, before a question could be asked, or a hand laid upon his arm to detain him, the singular being had disappeared as rapidly as he had come.

This was not the first time that they had heard of Wild Austin's warnings; hence his command to be ready was at once complied with.

Three of the men were stationed in the rear with their axes to keep up an appearance of work, while the remainder laid in ambush some little distance in advance, toward the north, the direction indicated as the probable point of attack.

As the wild man had said, the shadows had shortened scarcely an inch when the watchful settlers saw through rifts in the foliage the dusky forms of their wily foes as they flitted from cover to cover in their silent approach.

The surprise of the ambush was complete, overwhelming, and the savages, almost certain of an easy victory, were literally cut in pieces, but three, I believe, of the whole number escaping.

This decisive victory enabled the settlers to complete, or very nearly so, the stockade before another attempt toward their destruction was made.

This fortunate warning was delivered to these adventurers upon the banks of the Beech Fork about an hour before noonday.

At the same time, but fully thirty miles distant, with a rugged, mountainous country between, there was another party of whites engaged in erecting a building for one of their number who was yet houseless.

It was what was then termed a "log-rolling," there being present some fifteen or twenty stalwart pioneers, who had come many miles from various directions to assist in sheltering their "neighbor."

They had worked steadily and successfully during the day, and when the sun was yet two hours high, the last log had been hoisted and firmly secured in its place.

At this moment the sound of some one hastily tearing the way through the tangled undergrowth was heard, and, as every one turned in the direction indicated, the startling figure of Wild Austin, his hairy clothing disarranged, his colorless face streaming with perspiration, and his angular shoulders rapidly rising and falling with his labored breathing, burst from the bushes and rushed for where the astounded group stood.

"To cover, ev'ry one of ye! Thered heathens are upon ye! See how they come from the east!" and, with a paring word of caution, he dashed into the forest upon the opposite side from that by which he had entered, and was lost in an instant.

Never losing their presence of mind, no matter what the emergency might be, the settlers leaped for cover, and in less than half a minute were ready for the attack.

It came soon afterward, the Indians running headlong into the deadly trap, to be slaughtered almost to a man.

Ten miles westward of this place there was a small block-house, located upon the banks of "Stoner's run," around which were a number of settlers' cabins, the whole standing within a clearing of several hundred acres in extent.

The block-house was intended for the protection of the entire settlement, the families, in time of danger, to desert their houses and take refuge behind its stronger walls.

The sun was just sinking to rest behind a low range of hills in the west, his last rays lingering upon the peaceful scene within the clearing, as if loth to leave.

The day's work was over; the old folks were seated in the doorways of their cabins, watching the children at play upon the green plot, which was to be the "square" of the town, when such the hamlet should become.

Every thing was calm and peaceful and hopeful, when, suddenly, every man, woman and child were thrilled with fear as a shrill, almost unearthly cry came ringing out of the dense forest from the east, closely followed by the uncouth form of Wild Austin, who, with violent gesticulation, came bounding forward with the speed of a wounded buck.

Furthest from the center of the cluster of huts, four little children were playing. These he snatched, two upon either arm, and with them continued his headlong race.

"To the block-house with ye," he called. "The red heathens are upon ye! Take your little ones, leave all else and flee!"

While shouting these words he was himself making for the block-house, the door of which he was first to reach.

Here he deposited his burden, and, waiting only long enough to see the last settler in safety, he waved an adieu, and was away just as the first war-whoop pealed out of the forest upon the opposite side.

It is only necessary for me to say that no one of this little settlement was injured, nor were their cabins, these being effectually protected by their rifles from the block-house.

But, Wild Austin's work was not yet done. Twelve miles distant there was another settlement directly upon the line of the raid, and still as much or more beyond this was Buford's stockade, which latter would undoubtedly be invested.

The first of these remarkable men reached in time to put the people upon their guard, and at daylight he stood upon the edge of the clearing around Buford's, only to find that the savages had beaten him in that race at last.

But, fortunately, the fort had received warning, and consequently was safe.

Here his journey in this direction ceased. Since ten o'clock the previous day he had traversed, over mountain and valleys, across rivers and densely timbered bottom lands, nearly or quite sixty miles, a truly wonderful feat when the man's age and character of country is considered.

For many years Wild Austin devoted himself to this work of watching the movements of the Indians and warning the white settlers of impending danger.

When he came none knew, and, as he himself never alluded to his past history, the secret died with him.

Nor was it ever known how he came by the name "Wild Austin."

In fact, beyond the knowledge that such a man existed, and that in his way he did an immense amount of good, but little was known.

His death, like his life, was a mystery. After one of his "rounds" of warning he disappeared and was never seen again, but for many years, indeed to the present day, Wild Austin and his remarkable deeds are discussed by the fireside in many a Kentucky home.

Forecastle Yarns.

The Cabin-Boy's Gratitude.

BY C. D. CLARK.

"I'll never forget it, boys," said Jimmy Dillon, turning his quid in his cheek, "till the time comes when the Great Commodore calls all hands on deck. I'm a rough man, I allow, and likely I've done some mean things, but I calculate to be sorry for it when I have time to think it over; but I'll never forget that boy, or how he died."

And when I and my crew and I went and skulked enough to forget it, may old Davy Jones take me—and serve me right!

"He was only about fourteen—that boy—and he had one of the sweetest, patientest faces you ever saw. Not the kind of boy to be in the cabin of an African coaster, you'll say, but there he was, cabin-boy in the Esperanza."

"We was in the gold-dust and ivory trade. I have heard that the captain knew the coast afore and that the Esperanza had been a slaver. Anyhow, that was all past and done, and we was picking up a cargo along the coast of Sierra Leone, when the blacks brought it in. I don't know where the captain picked up George Lane, because he was in the schooner before I shipped and never would tell much about himself. I have thought that he was the son of some rich people, for he had haughty ways with him sometimes, not like a foremast hand."

(Jack Phelps, if you dig me in the ribs with your elbow again, I'll forgive my peaceful nature, by gracious.) Then again, he didn't scuff his grub the way you do, Jack Phelps, but took it like a gentleman.

"We hadn't been three days on the coast when I made a friend of little George. The Kroomen came out to the ship and said that some of the chiefs wanted to trade, and the captain went ashore, after giving George orders to follow in another canoe, and bring some calicoes and cheap jewelry with him. Perhaps you have never seen the Kroomen go through a surf. If you haven't, then you have missed seeing the pluckiest boatmen in the world, for I never seen the surf yet they wouldn't try to go through it. I was ordered to go with George, and those fellows headed for the surf, the light ca-

noe just seeming to touch the white caps as she flew. I'd seen some boating and I tell you it made me hold my breath. Whaling is child's play to me. It's like going in on a whale in his flurry. It was awful warm on that coast, and I didn't dare much on me except a calico shirt and thin drawers, for I had a notion we'd get spilled in that surf, somehow. They went into it head on, and the next minute we was rolling over and over, boxed about like feathers by the awful force of the sea. I could have saved myself easy enough, but I wasn't going to leave that boy. I caught a glimpse of his head close to me and caught him by the hair just as he was sinking. He was a plucky little fellow, too, for he didn't grab into me and sink us both, and I told him to put his hands on my sides and kick, and struck out through the surf. It was a hard tussle, but after we were washed about until I was almost gone, the Kroomen dragged us ashore."

"You never saw a boy so grateful as little George. After that I couldn't keep him away from me, and wherever I went he went too. We picked up what we could at this place, and went further south where we ran into a little river—one of the old slave depots. The ruins of an old 'barracoen' stood on the flat land just above us. It used to be kept by 'Mongo Jack,' a big slave-dealer, who was killed by the blacks, and his barracoen burned, seven years before. The blacks were peaceful now and ready to trade, but it was an awful place. The very air seemed to blister as it touched, and a sickly, unwholesome vapor arose from the sluggish water of the river. But the captain was a man who never left a place when there was a chance of trading, and the gold-dust and ivory were coming in every day. I didn't like to stay in the river, but of course, as I couldn't walk in the water, I had to stay."

"But it was rough on the boys. Two or three of them had coast-fever in a week, and the captain sent them ashore to one of the huts and got the blacks to nurse 'em. They got well, and pretty soon I began to feel some of the sickness coming on. George watched me like a woman, and as I got sicker, the captain sent me ashore too. But no sooner did the old black woman who had nursed the rest see my face than she gave a yell like a North American Indian and broke for the woods. The old man sent another woman, but she lit out the same way, and from the jabbering of the blacks the captain made out that I had got the small-pox."

"It's mighty hard to forgive that man," said Jimmy, grating his teeth. "When he heard what was the matter with me, he tried to find a man among the crew that had had the pestilence, but no one had done so, and he quarantined them. Not a man was allowed to go within a quarter of a mile of the place where I lay, crazy with the foul sickness. Some of the blacks would sneak in once in a while and look at me, but they wouldn't stay, and I was left to die. Then I went mad, and remember nothing more until the tenth day, when I came out of my madness to feel a soft hand putting a damp cloth on my forehead. I opened my eyes, and could just see that it was George."

"You here, little 'un?" I cried. "Go away from me; all my shipmates deserted me, so let me die!"

"You are not going to die—this bout," he said, laughing, cheerfully. "Here; drink this!"

"He gave me some cooling drink, and went about the cabin, humming a low, sweet tune. His face was very pale, and there was a black mark upon his forehead that looked like a blow."

"Where did you get that mark?" I asked.

"Never mind now," said he; "I'll tell you when you are a bit stronger."

"I got better fast, and when I was strong enough to sit up I asked George how he came there, and he told me. When he knew that I was sick he went down on his knees to the captain and begged to go and nurse me. It was no use; the captain was afraid that the schooner would be infected, and he would not let him come. At last George got wild."

"I tell you that I will go," he cried. "He saved my life!"

"The captain struck the boy and knocked him senseless to the deck. That night he slipped over the side and got to me, and the captain, coward as he was, dared not come after him. That boy saved me, and the Providence which watches over all saved him from the captain, who would have flogged him to death when he came back. I'd have killed him for it, boys, but you know what a common Jack gets when he bucks against the officers. The captain took the coast fever, and would you believe it, that boy went and nursed him. But he died, and the first mate was captain of the ship. I was fit for duty, and we went on down the coast, and at last sailed for the States."

"That boy was fated never to see the land. He had escaped the small-pox, but the coast fever had got into his bones and he was brought very low. Boys, I don't cry easy, but I blubbered like a baby when I saw that boy's cheek grow thinner day after day, and the light of his eyes grow dim. He never told us who he was, or how he came to ship. 'Better die unknown,' he said, 'and be buried in the sea. No one ever loved me as you love me, dear old Jimmy.' He had hold of my tarry fist when he said that, and I bent close to him, and he held my weak hand, and it roused my need, and I kissed me, and I—blast the luck, I can't stand it! He died, and we buried him at sea, and yet he seems to hover near me and to smile upon me. I ain't good enough ever to go to him."

The rough sailor covered his face with his hands, and the great tears trickled through his fingers. No man dared trust himself to speak, and a dead silence reigned in the fore-castle of the Jennie June.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

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THE BAKERMEN.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

Bill Bun was a bakerman
Residing in our town,
Whose bread quite readily came up
And readily went down.

One day he met Jimma Jones,
Says he, "Why, bless her soul,
That damsel shall be my sweet tart
And love shall be my roll!"

He spoke to her in flirty tones,
"I'm kneading sympathy,
Your smile would make my heart as light
As any loaf could be."

It was in winter-time when earth
Was frosted like a cake,
And many pleasant rides did take
In a cake cutter take.

His breast was like an oven warm
For her, at night or noon,
The very thought of her would stir
His feelings like a spoon.

But this girl's father, Mr. Jones,
Rolled up his fearful eyes,
Says he, "I will not have this mix-
This baker's des-pies!"

Says he, "These ties I'll ginger snap,
And break that baker's head;
My girl shall never marry one
Unless he's better bread!"

When William found his cake was dough
He could not be appeased,
And all his spirits fell, although
He swallowed lots of yeast.

He walked about all covered o'er
With grief and flour dust;
He grew as sad as bread, his life
Was but a burnt-up crust.

His cakes were no more sweet to him,
He was so much cast down;
He felt, though every thing looked blue
That he was quite done brown.

He found his life was shortening;
And, as their only hope,
Upon a very gloomy night,
They started to elope.

But Mr. Jones got wind of this,
And leapt into a knowing rough,
With baking-powder by the quart,
And doughnuts by the ton.

He ran them to the bakery,
And there to end his life,
They jumped into a knowing rough,
And drowned themselves in flour.

Tales of the Foothills.

THE MINER'S WARNING.

BY W. J. HAMILTON.

BILL PETERS told the story at the camp-fire.
"Mat Frazee was a half-breed, and had a claim next to ours in the Oregon diggings. He was a man whose every look was ugly, and who never forgot nor forgave a fancied injury. My chum at this time was Bob Brettie, better known as 'Spurry,' from the combative nature which characterized him. Bob gloried in the fight, no matter what the odds so that he could only be 'counted in.' Not that he was quarrelsome, you understand, but there was a row anywhere in camp, you could take an affidavit that 'Spurry' was not far away. He had not been two days in camp when he found himself pitted against Mat Frazee.

The half-breed was one mass of bone and sinew, a wiry athlete, whom it would take a good man to handle; but if the man lived that could stand up against 'Spurry,' I never met him in the foothills, and they raise some fighting chickens there, too. I was in the bar of the shanty which passed for a grocery and hotel, when I heard a crash of glasses, and soon saw that 'Spurry' had Mat across a table, and was giving it to him—good. Don't ask me what started the row; you know how little it takes to set one going in a mining-camp. Perhaps Spurry refused to drink—a fighting excuse every time—or perhaps it was something else; I don't know, certain. Anyhow, Mat got shucked out the worst you ever saw; and when we parted them he looked as if he had been run through a quartz mill, and come out with the tailings. He just gave 'Spurry' a look before he left, the shanty and those that knew him said he meant business, and that he would never rest until he had Spurry Brettie's life.

"Spurry didn't seem to mind it at all. Bless you, he never thought of holding a grudge, and had only licked Mat 'for fun,' as the saying is, but Mat didn't seem to look at it in that way. He never spoke to us after that night, and in less than a week he left the diggings, and men said he had crossed to Gold Hill, because he couldn't bear to be in the mines after he was licked. I felt better when he was gone, for I confess I didn't like the way he looked at Spurry after the fight, and never was so happy as when I thought we had seen the last of his black face. But we hadn't got done with him yet.

"We made a pile in that claim, boys, and then nothing would do but we must go down to Sacramento and spend it. Dust never stays long in my pockets, boys; seems to burn a hole in them, like; but, when we started from the camp, I had about five thousand in dust strapped round my waist, and Spurry had about the same. He knocked down more in Briggs' shanty than I did the day we came away, and lost ten ounces to a mine man. I told the fool not to play but he would bet on his luck.

"We took a lonesome road across the mountains to get to Oregon, because he had heard some talk of 'Road Agents' down by Murty's ranch. I didn't want to have them knock down on all my hard diggings, and I was ready for a fight, anyhow. We had revolvers and rifles, and knew well how to use 'em, too. A mountain man that can't do that ain't worth shucks. We pegged away through the passes pretty much all that day, and made a camp at night in a dark pass. Just on the edge of dusk a footman came down the pass, walking swift and looking over his shoulder as if he feared followers, and when he saw us he drew iron and said:

"Come now; no tricks upon travelers. Who are you?"

"We might ask the question, seeing that we have the ground first," said Spurry, laying his hand on a shooter. "We are honest men; now, who may you be?"

"As honest as yerself, gentlemen," he said, coming forward, boldly. "I was making for Oregon, and as I heard some talk of road-agents, about here, I didn't know but I'd chanced on some of 'em. What d'ye say?"

"We told him, and where we were bound, and he came forward and sat down by us on the grass. He was a regular-built miner, that was plain, but I can't say I liked his looks, somehow. There was something in his eyes, and the way he pressed his lips together, that made me think him poor company for honest men. I looked hard at him and he looked hard at me, and neither of us made much out of the other. He was a wiry customer, and that was all you could say of him. Spurry, who never thought harm of any human creature, began to talk to him like a brother, and was telling him why we were going down the river, but I stopped him.

"Your friend is afraid to let you talk, I see," he said, laughing. "He thinks you may tell too much, and are not capable of taking care of yourself."

"If I thought that," said Spurry, looking hard at me and drawing a long breath, "he and I would have a tussle. But it's no use, chummy. I know Bill Peters like a book, and he's game to the back."

"The man shrugged his shoulders and said he did not doubt it, and thought he would make a fire and cook something, but I stopped that."

"I thought you were afraid of the road-agents, stranger?" I said.

"So I am."

"And you don't love them; so on the whole I reckon you needn't build any fire. Here's jerked venison in plenty, and you must graze for one night on that."

"He took some of the venison and ate it slowly, looking at me all the time, and I caught his eye. It gave me a shock, for, somehow, it seemed to me that I had met that fierce glance before. We lay down when it got dark, but I could not sleep. Half a dozen times I started up and looked at the sleeping figure under the tree, not knowing whether to trust him or not. At last I fell asleep and slept, perhaps half an hour when I had a fearful dream. Some one was trying to take Bob Brettie's life, and in struggling to reach him and give him aid, I woke, and saw that our new friend had tossed off his blanket and was half-kneeling beside 'Spurry,' looking down into his face. Then he rose, and stealing softly to my side, looked at me. I got my revolver out under the blanket, and pretended to be sleeping, but out of the corner of my eye I watched him.

"Brettie first," I heard him mutter, as he moved away with cat-like steps. I caught the gleam of steel, and quick as a flash my pistol came out, and I leveled at him in the clear moonlight."

"Hold your hand!" I cried. "Throw up, or you die!"

"He turned like a tiger and leaped upon me, so suddenly that I missed him, but being quick, I slipped out of his way, and when he turned again the pistol was at his head."

"Drop that toothpick, stranger," I said. "I'll have to ask you to do it."

"I saw Bob picking himself up slowly, but our enemy did not. 'You may miss,' said the fellow, drawing a revolver in his turn. 'If you do—'

"Something struck him just then and he went down like an ox, and did not stir. We took away his weapons, and as we did so I saw that part of his whiskers at least was false, and when I pulled at it the whole came away, revealing the face of Mat Frazee!"

"I started back with a cry, and had hardly done so when he leaped to his feet and ran past me, with Spurry in close pursuit. I followed as swiftly as I could, and came up to them after a half-hour's run, staggering upon the brink of a deep canon, looked in a deadly grapple. I ran in to aid my friend, when one of them uttered a wild cry and fell backward into the canon, and the other, wild-eyed and fierce, was kneeling on the brink looking down at him as he fell. I caught hold of Bob and dragged him back, and we took another route and reached the bottom, where we found Mat lying dead, crushed out of the semblance of humanity by contact with the rocks."

"I have always believed that if my dream had not awaked me, he would have murdered us both as we lay. At any rate, he deserved his fate."

Strange Stories.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.
A Legend of Durham.

BY AGILE PENNE.

IN the waning light of an April eve a mailed knight rode through the dells of Durham. Past the strong castle of Auchandrie, straight for the gray walls of the abbey of St. John he rode. His armor was as sable as the raven's wing, his face as pale as the face of the dead; and the broad red cross blazoned upon his breast, told that he had fought against the Saracen foe in the Holy Land.

At the door of the abbey the knight dismounted, and, with the help of his heavy sword, knocked loud and long.

In haste from the chancel came a gray friar, in wonder at the call, and to the knight he sternly spoke:

"Why knockest thou here?" he cried; "this is no hostel, and we have our mass to say. Knowest thou not that in the twilight gray we say our evening prayer? Come at morning tide, and then what dost thou best?"

"Nay!" cried the stranger, in haste, extending his mailed hand, while the live west wind stirred his scarf of blue and the raven plumes of his crest. "I can not delay. I have come from foreign lands and seen the sun of June set over holy Jerusalem. I have seen its towers silvered beneath the moon. I have battled for the cross, the symbol on my mail; have stood by the sepulcher where our good Lord was laid, and have drank of Siloa's brook that flows in the cool shade of the palm; why then, with faltering words, should I prolong a needless tale, and then what dost thou best?"

The red torchlight was so buried. Now, holy father, I would see her grave who stood my heart and heaven between."

Slowly the gray friar shook his head.

"It may not be," he said, "but at the matin hour, if thou knock at the porch of the abbey of Saint John, thou shalt not knock in vain."

At the speech, anger flashed over the brow of the Red-Cross Knight like storm-clouds over the sky.

"Now by our Lady's holy name, and by the good Saint John, I must gaze on the features of the dead, though I hew my path through stone!" he cried, and the ready sword came flashing half-way up.

In sore affright the gray friar led the way to the chancel vault, where his waxen taper burned dim, and the molding banners on the sable walls told of the fall of pomp and pride.

Within the vault of the house of Auchandrie lay the mortal remains of the Lady Ellinore. The knight tore the shroud from the waxen face, and dropped upon his knees beside the corpse. Hot and bitter were the tears that came from the eyes of the warrior bold.

A slender circlet of gold upon her finger shone. 'Twas the gift of the Red-Cross Knight ere he to the holy wars had gone.

Twice he kissed the ring upon the finger of the dead, and then with a gasp and a groan he caught by the throat the friar gray, and forced him to his knee.

"Now tell me, thou ghostly father, how came my love to die?" the knight cried in accents wild. "I ask thee not for the secrets thou hast learned under the confessional seal, but of the common report, that, passing from man to man, in idle gossip, has reached thee. Speak, no matter whom the tale may taint, or else by the fiend I swear, thy death is near."

A moment the good monk looked into the face of the Red-Cross Knight, and saw the maniac glare. The father was but man; he broke no faith, and so he spoke; a rude, disjointed tale, but yet enough to fill the veins of the stranger knight with hot and angry blood.

Again he kissed the circlet of gold, and then he sprang to his feet, and stalked through the vaults so drear. Out of the portal he passed, and mounting his barbed steed, rode down the winding valley.

When the gray friar knelt in prayer that night, he prayed for the soul of the Lord of Auchandrie.

At break of dawn on the following day a henchman rode with speed up the winding valley. His steed was white with foam, and the rider's face was pale with fear. In haste he knocked at the abbey gate, and a woeful tale he told.

"A monk—a monk, in heaven's name!" he cried, "to shrieve the Lord of Auchandrie. On a bed of death he lies struck down by a Red-Cross Knight all in sable armor clad!"

Quick from his couch rose the abbot gray; deep in grief was he, for Thomas of Auchandrie had gifted the church with broad and goodly lands, and his keen sword had ever been ready in the cause of the holy rood.

He bade the henchman enter and partake of the abbey's cheer, while a holy brother on his steed would haste to the succor of the dying man.

Fast down the winding valley rode the gray friar, a tall and gloomy man was he, an especial favorite, too, had he been with Thomas of Auchandrie.

The towers of the castle rose full before him, and then he rode down into the dingle dell, where thick the oak-trees grew. Up from the wilderness wild started an armed man, and grasped the monk's bridle-rein.

"Now hold thee, friar!" he cried, "and rest thee here till I return again; and give me thy gown so gray and thy hood of black. I know thy errand; dismount; that errand for thee I'll do!"

In vain were the words of the holy man; the stranger plucked him from his horse, stripped off the gown and cowl, then bound the father hand and foot and left him amid the dingle dell.

And then in the guise of a gray friar, freed from his armor of proof, the stranger rode straight for the castle of Auchandrie.

Wide open flew the gates at his approach; seneschal and warder joyed alike that the monk had come to shrieve their dying lord.

To the chamber of the knight of Auchandrie the friar came and he knelt by the side of the stricken man.

"Welcome, welcome, holy father," cried Thomas of Auchandrie, in accents weak and low. "I would pour my sins into thy ear and absolution seek. I have been a sinful man, but do now repent me of my deeds; yet as the hopes of life do pass away, the fears of death begin. But chiefly I would tell to thee my deepest crime. A gentle lady my kinsman loved, and before he donned the red cross and braved the seas to combat afar with the Saracen, he left a solemn trust to me. My cousin fair, the Lady Ellinore, he loved, and I swore to him, that Red-Cross Knight, that to me a sister she should be until his return. But my kinsman was only rich in heart, while I had broad lands and great stores of gold; so instead of nursing her love for him, I wooed her for myself."

Then to his feet started the gray friar, but the dying man clutched his robe and held him fast.

"Nay, holy father, hear me out; the worst I have not told," cried the conscience-stricken man, in anguish wild. "Though the blood of a Norman peer is in my veins, yet I am the worst of villains. My suit the lady spurned, and for my love no love gave back, though I wooed her with gifts and gold, and then with awful sleight I forged a cartel from the Holy Land, telling the Sir Edmund, the Red-Cross Knight, had fallen by the Saracen's hands."

Then failed the voice of the guilty man, and his breath was quick and hard.

The friar bent low over the couch, and fiercely gleamed his eyes.

"And the tidings broke the heart of the Lady Ellinore, she pined and died. Now tell me the name of the scribe who wrote the scroll?" he cried.

"Father Francis, in your own house of St. John," gasped the dying man, and then with a sigh and a groan he sank sunk from earth.

Full well the Red-Cross Knight knew the crafty monk who for gold had bartered his soul to the fiend.

Straight to the dingle dell went the knight, clad in the friar's robe of gray, and there he found the guilty man who had forged the scroll and caused the death of the Lady Ellinore.

A riddle the knight propounded to the trembling man, and it related to the death of the lady fair; with feeble limbs the wretch essayed to fly, but the sword of the warrior pierced his side, and he fell a dying man.

No more amid the battle was heard the cry of the Red-Cross Knight, but in the abbey of Saint John dwells a stalwart friar, who prays ever for the soul of the Lady Ellinore.

A True Woman's Love.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

A GROUP of young men lounged in one of the windows of the Fifth Avenue Club-house. They were smoking, and chatting, and watching the passers-by.

"There goes Miss Leith," said young De Vere, as a graceful figure went down the street. She turned her face that way as she passed the window. It was a proud, beautiful face, with deep, truthful eyes brightening its exquisite curves. An aristocratic face, too.

"She's a fine-looking woman," said Harry Dalton. "I'd like to be as fortunate as John St. Orme is."

"Why?" asked De Vere, watching the figure of Miss Leith, as she went down the street.

"Why?" he said. "Don't you know? He's engaged to her, they say," answered Dalton.

"What?" exclaimed De Vere. "St. Orme and Miss Leith engaged? I never dreamed of such a thing."

"I supposed everybody had heard of it," answered Dalton. "He's secured the most eligible party of the season."

"I heard that his speculations in stock were likely to turn out unfortunately," said De Vere, blowing the blue cigar-smoke in fantastic wreaths about his head. "Is that so?"

"I don't know," answered Dalton. "I have heard such rumors, but don't know how much dependence to put in them."

"In case they should prove well founded, and he should lose his property—what then?" asked De Vere.

"I don't know what you refer to," said Dalton.

"I mean, what would Miss Leith do, in that case?" explained De Vere.

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," answered Dalton. "Miss Leith is very different from the most of women, and it would be hard to surmise what course she would take. She is very proud."

"I hardly think she would marry a man without money," said De Vere, getting up and stretching himself lazily. "Let's take a stroll before dinner."

More than one person in New York has good cause to remember the memorable Black Friday, in which so many fortunes were lost, and so many men made penniless by one turn in fortune's busy wheel.

John St. Orme stood in a window of the club-house, where he could watch the surging tide of life in the streets below, and his thoughts were not pleasant ones.

Houses more reliable than the one in which he was a partner had gone down in utter ruin. If their firm outlived the already fading day, it would be little short of a miracle.

And if ruin came, financially, what then? He did not think of what it would bring to him, so much, as of the change it might make in the relation he held to Olive Leith.

A boy came clattering up the club-house steps.

"A telegram for you," he shouted, seeing St. Orme at the window.

St. Orme's face paled. Something told him what that slip of paper held.

He took it, opened it, and read:

"Every thing is gone. We are ruined."

The telegram dropped from his nerveless fingers.

Ruined! It was not so much the money that was lost that he cared for. It was the woman he loved. Every thing lost!

The world, counting his loss in dollars and cents, would sympathize with him, after a cold and hollow fashion, but who could count the loss that his heart knew, if he gave up the dream that had been so sweet? So real, too, when Olive Leith, putting her hand in his, had whispered the word he had been so glad to hear.

And now?

He turned away from the window, in the gathering twilight of the troubled, busy day, and went down the steps, with the air of a man who has battled with the world and lost.

And when we count our losses by the scars they leave upon the heart, they are bitter, heavy ones, indeed.

"A gentleman to see you," said the servant, who had answered the ring of the door-bell.

"Who is it?" asked Miss Leith, looking up from her book.

"Mr. St. Orme," answered the servant.

"Shall I tell him you will see him?"

"Of course," answered Miss Leith. "I am always at home to Mr. St. Orme. Remember that."

She rose up and met St. Orme at the door.

"I am so glad you came to-night," she said, a tender light in her beautiful eyes. "I have been wishing for some one's company for the last hour. It has been very lonesome here."

He looked into her face questioningly.

Has she heard of the turn in fortune's wheel? If she had—and his heart gave a great throb at the thought—and his loss of wealth involved the loss of her love, she did not show it. Could it be that she was so different from many women he had known who had counted wealth above love?

Above love, was such a love worth a man's regret?

"You look tired," she said; "you have been working too hard."

There was tender solicitude in her gentle voice. She came and stood beside him, smiling down into his face.

"Olive," he cried, "do you know?—have you heard?"

"What?" she asked.

"That I am a poor man," he answered, his eyes fixed earnestly upon her face, expecting to see some change come over it. He was so fearful of what he half expected.

"Yes, I heard of your losses, and I am sorry for you," she answered.

"And you have thought of the change which it has brought into our lives?" he said, pale now, and speaking in a low, troubled voice.

"I do not see what great change it can make in our lives," she said, in her sweet and quiet way.

"Oh, Olive, don't you see?" he cried. "I am a poor man now. I must work for my stock. A week ago I could offer you a splendid home, and wealth to satisfy your slightest wish. It is all different now."

"John," her voice was full of sweet reproach, "did you think, when I promised to be your wife, that I cared for your money? It was you I promised to marry, not your wealth. Your money may be gone, but I don't see why that should make any difference with us, or why it should prevent my keeping my promise. If you want to be free, I shall have to let you go, I suppose, but I shall hold you to your promise till I feel quite sure that you regret asking me to marry you. Does that satisfy you?" and she bent down and kissed his face, from which the shadow had faded out entirely, and the light of a great joy had taken its place.

"Oh, Olive, thank God for a true woman's love!" he said, earnestly.

Society didn't have the pleasure of saying that St. Orme lost Miss Leith because he lost his fortune.

On the Prairie;

The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

X.—TAKING THE BACK-TRAIL.

I DID not open this series with the malicious intention of inflicting upon the reader a thorough and minute description of our little expedition in quest of fun and adventure, for, though such might be interesting to those more immediately concerned, to others 'twould be just the opposite. Some portions may have seemed unnecessarily prolix, but I wished to give the boy readers of the JOURNAL who reside far from the trapping-grounds some idea of what winter sports we Western boys have.

The different modes of trapping, together with the poisoning of wolves, as given here, may be depended upon as being correct. Some of the episodes given may appear rather highly colored, but not so; they also are "drawn from life."

As spring came nearer, we began discussing our plans for the future, what we would do when we reached old St. Joe once more, the gay times we would then have, etc. But in one thing all agreed; the next winter would find us—Providence permitting—together at the old grounds where so many days had been passed in rough but hearty enjoyment.

Another subject began to interest us deeply; Pete first broached it, I believe. And as that formed about the last adventure before leaving the trapping-grounds, though a not very creditable one to us, it may be as well to note it down here. Thus far I have not spared the boys at the expense of truth, nor will I do so this late in the day.

Pete Shaffer first proposed that we should start for Marysville on horseback, thus saving the expense of having teams come after us. We all understood his meaning, though listening in silence. The reader may remember that the Omahas who had visited us said their village was two days' travel distant. Shortly after Christmas we heard from them again.

Two of our best traps were missing, and Pete finally struck the trail of the thieves, followed it up, entered the village, and confronting the chief, old Koutaculibee, or "White-Handed Knife," demanded a return of his property on penalty of a visit from the rough-riders of Fort Kearney. Knowing the scout well, the Omahas forced the thief to return the traps, and Pete left the village. His eyes had not been idle.

"It's jest this—a-way, boys," he argued. "It's fatter ride or dust. We only spoke for two teams, and our dust-purty nigh fill them, when we take in the pesky travlin'. So we'll hev to walk, unless we pick up some ponies. Stealin'? Git out—don't talk so foolish, boy. Steal from an Injun? pout! We'll jest pick up a few stray critters an' take 'em to Marysville to look for their owners. The Omahas stole 'em all, anyhow. Then of we don't find no owners, why, they're our'n, hain't they? Sartinly! An' a good plug'll fetch thirty dollars, easy. 'Tain't stealin'—durn it, he'dn't I order know?"

Such reasoning, oft repeated, convinced—or at least decided us. Very likely the Omahas would not miss the ponies, and if they should, why, what were they but Indians—and consequently thieves, anyhow? Laugh, if you will, but a good many "bordermen" reason in just this way. We did. The strongest argument, however, was that by this means we would reach home full two weeks earlier than were we to await the engaged teams.

Fred Dewey, especially, was very anxious; he yearned for the *bon-bons* and confectionery of Felix street, as he confessed to me one night when I caught him surreptitiously gnawing up on the corn-cob stopper that had done service in our jug of molasses, the last drop of which had vanished weeks since. Fred had a sweet tooth. And then there was a certain charming Miss Grace!

So one day Pete, Bradley and I set forth, leaving the other three to keep camp and arrange matters for a speedy departure. The snow had melted a great deal, and our rockets were soon cast aside as useless. Pete went over his plans again and again, giving each one his particular duty. The Omahas, like all other prairie tribes—though they can scarcely be called a tribe—turn their extra stock loose to forage for themselves in winter, only looking after them occasionally, unless at war with some of their neighbors. Shaffer had marked a good number of loose ponies in fair condition when leaving the village, and from these he intended to take his choice. Our equipment consisted of three stout lariats, with a score of strong hide bands, tanned flexible, with the hair still on.

The second day we came to the feeding grounds, and shortly after dark, having found the coast clear, Pete made us await him, and stole down into the valley. Half an hour later he returned with a fine, though somewhat gaunt pony. Using its body as a partial cover, with lariats ready for use, we gained the outskirts of the drove, and, working coolly, in two hours had the desired number subject to our will. Long before daylight we were riding hastily away from the feeding ground, each leading five animals besides the one ridden. At dawn we separated, the better to elude pursuit in case such should be made, until at a short distance from the dug-out, where we found the boys in readiness for us. Half a pack-saddle had been made days before, and now slings, bands, etc., were all prepared.

In the morning we bade adieu to the "dug-out," not without genuine regret for the many pleasant hours spent beneath its shelter, vowing to visit it again before many months passed by, and turned our faces toward the sun. Of that journey little need be said. Our most serious adventures were the mishaps consequent upon unskillful packing, followed by a hot chase after the unburdened "plug," together with the numerous false alarms at night, when every skulking wolf was an Omaha, "froze for hair," who had followed our trail to recover their ponies that we had confiscated—to put it mildly.

We carefully avoided Beartree, knowing that a company of soldiers were stationed there, who would have made short work with our stock, their duty being as much to protect the Indians from wrong as the whites from injury. A week later we entered Marysville, creating considerable excitement in that lively burg as the first trapping party in for the